# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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## THE RELEASE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY JULIA EUGENIA MOTT.

Go then! I would not words of mine
Should bind where you no longer love:
I give you back the vows, whose truth
You swore that circling years should prove:
And I believed it: now I know
You'll say the same when next you plead.
Released from this unhappy troth,
Go where your fickle choice may lead.

Full well I know whose magic smile
Has changed your love's inconstant flow:
Her face is like a poet's dream,
As two twin stars her dark eyes glow.
And from the parted, crimson lips
Come sweet thoughts clothed with winning grace:
For nature richly dowered her
In intellect, and heart, and face.

That heart has never yet been stirred:
Would you, awaking it to life,
Turn all its sweetness into gall?
Its peace change to impatient strife?
I see the quick flash of your eye,
But does the fear not come to you,
That one who breaks his solemn vows,
Another's faithlessness may rue?

You deemed it but a little thing
To teach my heart its latent power,
To make existence still more blest,
And crowd a life's bliss in an hour.
It was a manly deed, forsooth,
When you had wearied of the play,
To break the chain your hand had forged,
And fling my worthless love away.

Forgive you? do you feel the need?
Rather forgive *me*, Richard Stone,
That from the fulness of my trust,
I judged your nature by my own;
Forgive *me*, that in my vain dream,
You were a second Chevalier;
As noble in your man's estate,
Alike "without reproach or fear."

I did not know you, I was blind.
Awaking to the perfect day,
I see the shrine at which I bowed,
And find my golden image clay.
Bayard lives not again in you:
One erred in judgment, one in heart;
We were both wrong, and being so,
It is far better that we part.

You cannot give me back the faith
Which glorified all whom I knew;
It was my brightest heritage,
I staked and lost it all for you.
*I staked and lost!* you cannot still
The words which echo in my heart;
The future—what has it for me?
The past is past, and so we part.

## REGINA;

### OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER III.

Those sweet brown eyes! They smile on me,
And I smile back again:
Yet, in that very glance, I see
The shadow of a pain!

Those eyes have loved—those eyes have wept!
Still, looking into mine,
They lift their free glances gloriously,
And are too proud to pine! M. B.

Six weeks passed by. The new play of "Zenobia" had been eminently successful, and Clifford, as its author, was lionised and made much of in circles he had never dreamed of entering before. To have written the play was much; but to have written it for Regina—to be enveloped in the blaze of *her* glory—was far more; and even Mrs. Erlinford followed the stream of fashion, and crowned the young hero with laurels by her matter-of-fact praise. And Clifford accepted his success with a meek consciousness of merit, that procured him many a lecture from Regina, who averred that, but for her, he would be entirely spoiled.

I think she was right. Forgetting that the good people of London are very much like those of Athens in the days of old, for ever on the run after "some new thing," he allowed his vanity to blind him to his peculiar position.

After all, it was but natural that he should be elated. It needs the steadiest of heads, or a heart that has got crushed among the manifold wheels of life's machinery, to bear up against so sudden an elevation. There are very few who do not grow giddy, and play strange pranks before the eyes of gods and men, when they are snatched out of a dark obscurity, and suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, midway between the heavens and the earth—aspiring towards the one, attracted by the other, yet touching neither. Clifford was not one of this happy few. The eager boy's heart rejoiced within him at this glorious fulfillment of the boyish dreams; the proud man's spirit rested exultingly in the sunshine for a time, but fluttered its wings now and then, preparing for a bolder flight; the mere human vanity fed, and grew with that it fed upon—the praise, the flattery of women, young and old, titled and beautiful. A coxcomb he could never be; but he could scarcely help feeling conscious, at times, that his form was elegant, his movements graceful, and that his face could charm.

Regina looked with grave eyes at some of Clifford's proceedings during this harvest of good opinion, and yet they were the best of friends. He was often at the little cottage. He gladly gave up grand dinner parties to share her Barmecidical meal, or left his place vacant in some opera-box to sit beside her as she sung to her guitar, in the dusky warmth of the spring twilight, the songs that Erlinford had loved. Every one knew this; and yet, strange to say, every one was content with the arrangement. By this time, Scandal's tongue had grown tired; and people found out for themselves that Regina had really lived a perfectly blameless life since Lord Erlinford's death, and that the Brompton cottage was no lure for titled roues, but a refuge for a woman who had grown weary of the world. No one except Clifford and the manager ever visited her; yet there were kind women's hearts yearning over her—kind English hearts that could ally her for her loneliness, and that would have shuddered her fall, if she had brooked their gentle advances. But she would not—she had lived without the world too long; and though she knew well, as she came before her audiences, night after night, how they were learning to value and respect her at last, nothing more than a softened glance, or a brighter smile, at times, betrayed it—nothing wooed that trembling sympathy which would so easily have been won.

"The season" was rapidly waning. Regina, worn out with continual excitement of acting, had decreed her "last appearance," and had chosen "Zenobia" for her benefit night. The house was crowded. Again Mrs. Erlinford sat in her box with her daughter; but Clifford, as well as Charlemount, bent over Helen's chair, and Clifford held the glove and fan she had laid aside. He was looking dreamily down into the pit, and wondering if it could be possible that he had made one of its contented occupants six weeks ago, when her gentle voice broke in upon his reverie, and made him start and draw nearer, to hear what she was saying.

"Are you composing a new play?" she asked, smiling slightly; "for I have spoken to you twice, and you have not deigned to answer me by look, or nod, or sign!"

"I am shocked at my rudeness—I beg ten thousand pardons!" he began, confusedly.

"Pray make no excuses—they will not mend the matter. But tell me, instead, if you are heartbroken at the thought of losing the beautiful actress—from the stage, I mean?"

"She needs rest, Miss Erlinford."

"No doubt. Yet I am selfish enough to regret her going."

"But she will come back again,"

"Ah, Mr. Clifford!" broke in Mrs. Erlinford with common-place sentimentality, "so few come back again!"

"True! Yet, Regina, let us hope, will not have the heart to desert us. She only goes abroad for three months, I believe."

"But I hear she is impulsive, and always following the fancy of the moment; in a word, unsteady. Is it true?"

"I am afraid it is—in a measure."

"Then if a whim seizes her to remain on the Continent, to settle down at Paris, or to marry, what are we to do?"

Clifford started at her last words, and Charlemount smiled at seeing him.

"I think Regina will never marry," he said, quietly. "Do you not agree with me, Mr. Clifford?"

"I, my lord? I—I have formed no opinion on the subject. I cannot say that I have ever thought of it before."

"And yet you know her intimately."

"Certainly!" was the cold reply. "But we discuss other subjects than that of matrimony when we meet. If she has any such plans, she has never mentioned them to me. From what I know of her, however, and she is, as you say, my dear and intimate friend—I should conclude that she has no vocation—that is, I do not think she means to marry, now, or at any future time."

He tangled and blundered so strangely over the latter part of his speech, that Lord Charlemount could not help smiling again; and Helen, turning half-round in her chair, looking at him wonderingly.

"Gentlemen," said Mrs. Erlinford, "you seem quite energetic in your discussion. But you must *defer* it; for see, while you are talking of the Queen of the Night, she begins to shine!"

REGINA AND RUTH IN THE STUDY.

Even as she spoke, the bell rang, and the curtain rose. They sat down in their places, and watched the play.

I have given by described Regina as seeing Mary Stuart." I have some mercy on my readers, and will not compel them to gaze long upon this passionate Eastern Queen. It is enough to say that the part was fitted to the actress, that the audience were delighted, and that even Clifford felt a new affection for the offspring of his brain, when he saw it animated and informed by the beauty and the fire of her nature, and felt that the Zenobia of his own dream was but a pale shadow of the Zenobia she had placed upon the stage—living, suffering, hating, and, at last, dying, before that silent, sympathizing crowd.

Zenobia died in want and wretchedness, it is true; but she died, also, clad in the royal robes of former days, crown upon her brow. It was thus that they saw her stretched upon the pallet in her tent, the recreant husband at her feet, and the Arabian steed bending his graceful head over her in a mute, sorrowful farewell. Crowned, and in the purple still, she came before the curtain to receive their homage after the play had ended. In after days, how many recalled her to memory, standing alone, with flowers at her feet, and diamonds on her brow—pale, but beautiful, and looking, with a gaze that had something of sadness in it, around that crowded house! Did any presentiment cross her mind, as she made her brief and silent farewell? Did any revealing of the future flash upon her vision, as she gazed upon the box where Clifford, and Lord Charlemount, and Helen Erlinford sat? No; she little dreamed of all that lay before her. She little thought how great a change was coming, even then, over her own life, and heart, and theirs. The shadow of a cloud rose in her sky, but the cloud itself was hidden. The first breeze of the coming storm ruffled the calm waters of the bay, but they still broke gently on the sunny shore; the hush of the approaching tempest in the summer air seemed only the pause of the light wind to rest among the flowers. "Regina! Regina!" cried the crowd, with friendly accents. "Regina!" said the eyes of Charlemount, and the smile of Clifford; "Regina!" the little bouquet of roses, shining with a single pearl, like a dew-drop, that fluttered down from Helen's hand, a messenger of peace and good-will. Yes, "Regina!" to the last, queen of the stage, and queen of those throbbing human hearts! The gemmed crown and the purple robe, the flowers at her feet, and the eager faces, and the still more eager cries of kindly feeling and farewell,—they were the fitting close to the splendor of her artist life. She passed from the stage with a tender, grateful smile—the gentlest look they had ever seen upon her face; and neither she, nor they, dreamed for an instant that she would never tread the boards again!

They had one more glimpse of her that night, however, and in a new position. It had been observed by many, as Zenobia reclined on her cushions in the "Hall of Thirty Fountains," while a band of dancing girls performed their graceful evolutions before her, that her eye followed one, pre-eminent above all the rest for the lightness of her movements, and the beauty of her form. This dancer, afterwards the rival who banished her from heart, and home, and throne, was the object of her peculiar attention, whenever they were on the stage together. Wherever those flying feet twinkled, they were followed by Zenobia's eyes, and the *dancer* herself saw it, and redoubled her efforts to fascinate and to please. Sometimes, when she found that searching, thoughtful glance fixed upon her face, she trembled and turned pale; sometimes she blushed; but always her own eyes answered back, with a look of admiration and interest, that would have done honor to it. The dancer. For six weeks this little play within a play had been enacted, and ballet-girls and actors, and audience were alike conscious of it, and many were the speculations about Regina's thoughts, many the wonderings if the two, so evidently interested in each other, would ever speak or meet, except upon the boards. Neither ever mentioned the other's name; Regina asked no questions of the manager or Clifford about the girl; she knew all of Regina that the world knew, and sought to know no more. On this night she danced in the "Hall of Thirty Fountains," and won the monarch by her smiles, and triumphed over the dying Queen for the last time. Standing at the side scenes, she waited for Regina, as she came from before the curtain. A little group of dancing girls lingered near; she put out her hand as Zenobia swept proudly by, and timidly touched the purple robe. It was her own silent adieu—unnoticed she also intended it to be; but the actress stopped and turned towards her. Was she about to speak? No! She only smiled slightly, waved her hand, and passed on. Gone without a word—gone, it might be, for ever! Something like a tear stood in the girl's eye, but the call-boy summoned her to dress for a new part in the ballet, and it had no time to fall.

No farce followed Regina's plays. In their place was given a ballet of unusual length, carefully prepared by the manager and his dramatic author. On this night "Undine" was to be performed for the first time, and to "The Zephyr" (so the dancer had been named upon the playbills) the principal part had been assigned. It was rumored that the ballet had been got up at unusual expense and with unusual care, and that the Zephyr intended to make a most triumphant *debut*. Hitherto she had been but one among the ranks; this night was to elevate her above her companions, or keep her in the ranks forever.

Many lingered, good-naturedly, anxious to support and encourage the novice; among these were the occupants of Mrs. Erlinford's box. And the few who were preparing for departure, secured their seats again, with eager and astonished looks. A rumor ran from pit to gallery, that Regina herself was in the house, waiting, behind the curtains of the manager's box, to witness the ballet!

Eyes and opera-glasses from all direction turned that way. Yes—she was there! only half-concealed by the transparent screen, reading the bill for the evening as composedly as any other playgoer might have done! The manager was not with her, but a little brown-faced woman, attired in a sober-colored silk, sat at the other side of the box, in full view of every one; and the white dog, Mary Stuart's "Prince Charlie," rested his muzzle on the crimson velvet cushion, and looked composedly grand, with his dark intelligent eyes.

It was comical to see the intense interest with which people noted all these little things. The dog and Madame Prudence seemed to enjoy the attention they attracted, with philosophical composure.

Perhaps nothing astonished the owners of the opera-glasses, and the eyes, more than to find so little difference between the actress and the woman. There she sat, proud and beautiful as ever—no less Zenobia that the robe and crown were gone—no less Mary Stuart that the scaffold and the block were wanting. Her dress was of the simplest fashion, though of rich material; and to the surprise of all, the beautiful neck and arms were closely covered. A Greek jacket and vest of black velvet, relieved the full, plain skirt of the same material. The sleeves of the jacket, and its edges, were marked by a single cord of crimson; the pointed lace collar was confined by a ruby, cut in the shape of a crescent, and two tiny ruby stars fastened the filmy, beautifully wrought sleeves. A foreign flower, whose blood-red petals drooped like dagger points, relieved the intense blackness of her braided hair. Other gems or ornament she had none, except the plain gold ring which never left her hand. Yet it was curious how, in this quiet garb, her regal air and peculiar loveliness seemed to find their best expression. No woman looked on her without a feeling of envy—no man, without subscribing heartily to that hackneyed idea that beauty is most adorned when wearing its simple mantle of hodden gray.

Mrs. Erlinford and Helen watched her with a peculiar interest. The manager's box was almost directly opposite their own; their glasses brought her as near as if she had been sitting beside them. Helen gazed nervously, quite prepared to drop her glass if Regina stirred; but Mrs. Erlinford leaned easily back in her chair, and stared like a true-born Briton, taking the goods her gods provided her, and fully conscious that she was getting her "money's worth," at least, that night. When the first long survey was over, she turned to Clifford, whose eyes were also fixed upon her.

"Well, Mr. Clifford, you are right; she *is* handsome."

"I thought you would acknowledge it one day."

"And I like the way in which she sits there. She takes no notice of any of us; she is quiet and lady-like in her appearance—more so than most women would be in her position."

"Yes." And Clifford looked angrily at Lord Charlemount, whose face wore a peculiar expression as he gazed his fill. "Regina is thoroughly lady-like, and knows how to ignore and recent all presumption as well as any one I ever met."

The Earl dropped his eye-glass, and turned sharply round, as if he fancied more in the words than met his ear. Meeting Clifford's eye, he smiled, and listened quietly to Mrs. Erlinford, who seemed possessed with a devouring curiosity.

"Do tell me, since you know her so well, Mr. Clifford, does she always dress in that peculiar style?"

"I believe so. At least I have never seen her in any other colors."

"Black and crimson! Very odd, but also very becoming. A Greek dress! But Regina is a Parisian. And the flower in her hair—I never saw one like it before. What is it, Mr. Clifford?"

"I have heard, but I forget its name at this moment."

"A foreign flower, of course?"

"I think she found them in her Texan gardens. She keeps them in her conservatory, for the sake of that land which she says is 'brighter than England.' I have seen the plant growing. It reaches the height of two or three feet, and the blossoms hang in large heart-shaped clusters. They have a peculiar fragrance, too. You will laugh, but I assure you, as I look at it from this distance, I could almost fancy I inhaled it now."

Helen fixed her eyes upon the crimson flower with a dreamy glance.

"But you forget its name?"

"I do. Shall I ask it of Regina—or, better, shall I bring you one of the flowers?"

"I should like it much, Mr. Clifford. And—and—please ask *her* to gather it for you."

"I will do so, without fail."

"Oh, Mr. Clifford, that reminds me!" exclaimed Mrs. Erlinford. "Does Regina ever wear jewels?"

"Never, I believe, except on the stage."

"How very odd!"

"Indeed, I never saw her with any ornament until to-night. The flower, at times—but the rubies are strangers to me."

"And that peculiar dress! Do you know, Mr. Clifford, I feel more interested in her than ever, now. Is that her companion?"

"Yes; that is Madame Prudence—half nurse, and half adopted mother; and the quaintest, brightest little Frenchwoman I ever saw. She is as gay as a bird; I think nothing could make her unhappy."

"Unless Regina died!" said Helen, thoughtfully.

Clifford started, but the curtain rose, and he could not reply. He drew back into the shade, and watched Regina with other feelings than he had known before. In the first place, he was jealous, although he could scarcely acknowledge it, even to himself. And jealous of what? It was very difficult to say. He only felt aggrieved because Regina seemed so utterly unconscious of his presence. He knew well that she would not allow him to enter her box; but he felt that she ought to have recognised him in some way—might simply have raised her eyes, or smiled, as if to say, "I know that you are there, and I am glad we are going to enjoy this ballet together;" but she never turned his way. She sat with her cheek resting on her hand, looking steadily at Undine and the train of attendant water-sprites. No doubt they were very pretty and graceful; but why could she not spare one thought for him? why could she not share her pleasure with one who had shared so many of her simple pursuits in her own home? Thus he fretted and fumed, quite conscious that if Helen Erlinford were in question, he should never dream of receiving such a manifestation of her affection for him; but not wise enough to understand that Regina, putting herself in that private position, assumed all the privileges of a lady, and would have died rather than yield one of them. He never understood her; but at this moment he was farther than ever from appreciating the delicacy of her reserve, or the greatness of her pride. His vanity was hurt because she made no sign.

Then, again, he remembered Miss Erlinford's words, "If the whim seizes her to marry, what are we to do?" Sure enough! And, above all, what was *he* to do? He had never thought of marrying her himself, it is true, dearly as he loved her; but what warrant had he that others were equally indifferent? The Earl of Charlemount, who had been wont to applaud the Zephyr night after night, scarcely looked at her now, so intent was he upon Regina's face; yet he knew as well as Clifford that Diana herself would as soon become his idol of the moment. What if he were dreaming of her even then, as the future Countess of Charlemount, ready to purchase her with a coronet if she was to be tempted in no other way! He actually trembled at the thought. And she—she sat so calmly there, with Erlinford's ring upon her hand, and Erlinford's brother watching her—looking only at Undine, evidently thinking of no one but Undine. Confound the water nymph and all akin to her! Certainly it was no amiable humor into which our poor Clifford had fallen! At one and the same moment he consigned the German nymph and the Earl of Charlemount to the halls of Ebiis, and made up his mind that he would ask Regina to be his wife before twenty-four hours had passed over his head.

Meanwhile Regina gazed at Undine with her heart in her eyes. Some peculiar beauty in the girl's changeful face had puzzled her, from their first meeting; she saw now what the charm had been. The Zephyr's form was somewhat fragile: her face colorless, but lit up with large brown eyes, that sparkled and beamed like stars—no, that is too cold a simile, for orbs like these! They were deep—they were still—they were soft and shining; they resembled lonely mountain tarns, into whose waters no human eyes have ever looked. With those wondrous eyes went a no less wondrous fall of hair, matching them perfectly in hue, and covering the slight shoulders with a wavy mass, almost like curls, but softer and more beautiful than curls could have been. As she rose from the mimic brook beside the fisherman's cottage, with that beautiful hair unbound, and crowned with water-lilies, her flowing robes of white, her pure, pale cheek, and upraised eyes, a murmur of delight and surprise broke from the audience. She seemed unlike a human being, and crossed the stage lightly and gildingly, like a spirit in a dream. Even Clifford was won from his moody reverie by Helen's undisguised delight, and made to lean forward to look at her.

"Why have we never appreciated her before?" exclaimed Helen. "She danced beautifully, it is true, in the 'Hall of the Fountains,' but not like this. Mamma, are you looking?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And do you not agree with me?"

"She dances well; I never thought one could do it with long trailing robes before."

"It is a fairy by moonlight!—it is Titania herself!" exclaimed the enraptured Helen.

The ballet concluded in the chamber of the false knight and his beautiful bride. Undine's song was heard long before her face was seen by that terrified couple. The lady leaned upon her husband's arm for support—his eyes turned always to the open door. Slowly floated through it that lovely, sorrowful figure—slowly fell the petals of the white lilies from her waving hair—sad were the words she sung, and sad her parting glance. Out into the moonlit court-yard again, like a spirit of the night—the fountain sparkled and flashed at her very feet—one look was cast towards the casement of his chamber, and the white robes van-

ished. Undine could love and could suffer on earth no more!

The curtain fell, and Regina leaned from her box, and applauded gently with her gloved hands. A tempest seemed to shake the house at this generous act, and Undine's name was rang out as loudly as hers had ever done. Blushing and trembling, the young *debutante* came forward. Her first glance was at Mrs. Erlinford's box, her second at the manager's. Charlemount smiled to himself. Such wreaths and bouquets as had not been exhausted for Regina, came flattering now upon the stage. Regina herself took the crimson flower from her hair, and threw it down at Undine's feet. Their eyes met—Regina made a hasty motion with her hand, and raising the flower to her lips, the *danseuse* courtesied profoundly to the audience, and withdrew. "Undine! and Regina!" The names were coupled together in that last burst of applause, but no one answered it. The little Frenchwoman and her canine charge vanished as if by magic—the chair of the actress was vacant; and Clifford, going around to the private entrance, after he had handed Miss Erlinford to her carriage, saw the well known brougham in waiting, but could gain no tidings of its mistress. She was in her dressing-room, the coachman fancied; he thought she had stopped to speak with some one, but could not exactly say. Tired of waiting, and more jealous and unreasonable than ever, after the mention of that mysterious "some one," Clifford strolled towards home, half inclined to wish he had never seen her—half longing to go back and throw himself at her feet, and tell her all before the morning broke—but wholly miserable and restless, as people who are in love (let us thank the fates, dear reader, that we are not of that unlucky number!) must for ever be!

Regina passing out through the wings, found Undine waiting, with the crimson flower in her hand, and took her to her own dressing-room, much to the surprise of the departing ballet-girls, to whom that region was a kind of inaccessible fairy-land. A good fire blazed upon the hearth, and Madame Prudence entering after them, drew the sofa towards it, and discreetly retired with Fidele to the extreme end of the apartment. Regina seated herself, and drew the young girl down beside her, almost caressingly.

"Child, how you tremble, and how pale you are! One would imagine you a water-sprite in reality. Are you going to melt away at my feet in a miniature cascade? What ails you?"

Her tone was so friendly, that Undine took courage, and looked up into her face.

"Are you afraid of me?"

"Not now."

"You need not be. I am not in the habit of eating people—not even beautiful ballet-dancers. Look up and talk to me."

"What can I say, that you would care to hear?"

"Very much, if you choose. In the first place, have you any home? I mean, have you a home of your own—with parents—with friends?"

"I never knew my parents, and I have no friends," said the girl, sadly.

"Never knew them? Even if you have never seen them, you must know something of them—eh?"

She shook her head.

"Madame, I am a foundling."

"Heavens! the turn at the convent gate!" exclaimed Madame Prudence, who was pricking up her ears in the corner.

"Scarcely, I think," said Regina, smiling. "They have no convents here—at least, none of those you are thinking of. But explain yourself, my dear child. We do not quite understand."

"I was left at a door—in a basket," said the girl, coloring painfully.

"Ah, I see! And the good man of the house, finding you there, said—What did he say, my dear?"

"That I must go to the asylum, I suppose; for when I was old enough to ascertain my whereabouts, I was there."

"You have no reason to believe that you were left at your *father's* door?" asked Regina, with emphasis; and Undine drew up her pretty head with a *naive* smile.

"They found me before a baker's shop, madame, and he was dead. The business was carried on by his widow."

"Then it was the baker's *lady* who decided your destiny?"

"It was."

"Women have tender hearts. I wonder she did not keep you."

"She had a large family—she was very poor."

"You have seen her since, then?"

"Yes," was the hesitating answer. "One cannot help having some feeling for places and persons so connected with their own lives; and I have often stopped before her windows, simply that I might see her through the glass. She is a large, fat woman, and she wears spectacles, and takes snuff. But she looks kind, madame; and you will laugh, I think, when I tell you that I long, when sad and lonely, to go in and speak to her—to tell her I am that little child, and to beg her to say one encouraging word to me. I know she would do it!"

"It is a good heart!" murmured Prudence, quite audibly.

Regina did not laugh. She was looking in the speaker's face with a curious expression on her own; and touching the brown hair softly with her hand as she listened.

"It sometimes happens to you, then?"

"What, madame?"

"To be sad and lonely."

The brown eyes drooped till the long lashes swept the clear, pale cheek. She made a little passionate gesture with her hand.

"Madame, I have been alone all my life."

"That cannot have been very long."

"Eighteen years."

"Well!"

"And during seven of them I have been miserable. I was not very happy as a child; but now—but now—I wish often, when I cross the bridges, to jump from one of them, and so end it all!"

"Poor child!"

The girl looked up a moment in her face, then leaned her cheek upon the hand that caressed her, and burst into a perfect passion of weeping. Prudence searched a moment in the recesses of her pocket, and ran forward with a bottle of salts. Prince Charlie followed and wagged his tail, regarded Undine with a puzzling look. Regina was silent, bending over her with a protecting air, but letting the sore heart find its cure of itself.

"Poor girl!" said Prudence, offering her salts. "Take them for one moment. My dear, she is ill—look how she trembles!"

"She will be better soon."

In a little while the paroxysm passed away, and she leaned against Regina's shoulder, quiet, but drawing a heavy breath that became a sob, now and then, like a child that had cried itself to sleep.

"Rest," said Regina, when she would have risen. We have not finished what we were saying."

"Oh, what must you think of me?"

"Shall I tell you? My heart has ached often—perhaps as yours is aching now; and I would have given worlds to shed such tears, but I could not. I used to sit like a block of stone till the pain wore itself out! You have an easier way of getting rid of it. Are you happier now?"

"While you hold me like this, while you speak to me so kindly, I seem to be in Paradise."

"By the way, what is your name—your real name?"

"They called me Ruth."

"They? Who?"

"The people at the asylum. I think it was the matron."

"Nothing more than that?"

"Nothing."

"Ruth! Ruth!" said Regina, smiling. "A quaint little name, and yet I think it suits you. I expected something different; but it matches those 'bonnie wells of eyes.' Well, Ruth, after all, this world is not so bad a place as people make it out to be."

"Only very hard, very cold, very wicked, and very cruel!"

"Ah! you are prejudiced, just now; and perhaps it is natural. But I shall live, I hope, to hear you sing a very different song; ay, and sing it merrily, too!"

Ruth was silent, but she looked very skeptical. Nothing is so difficult as to make a heart, bleeding from its first wound, believe in the existence of future happiness.

"Only eighteen!" said Regina; "only eighteen! Beautiful, and a successful *debutante!* Yet she talks of throwing herself into the Thames, and breaks her heart because the baker's wife, who has never seen her since her departure in a basket, does not recognize her! Are you not ashamed of yourself, Ruth?"

"Yes, a little!"

"Well, to reward you for that candid confession, I have something to propose to you. But, first, tell me how you came upon the stage?"

Ruth turned scarlet.

"Madame, I——"

"Don't call me madame! Say Regina!"

"Regina, they put me out to service!"

"Well! what else could they do with you?"

"Nothing, I confess. But I did not like it. It was a housemaid's place, and I was expected to wash the dishes, and scrub the floors!" And she looked so disgusted, that both Regina and Prudence laughed heartily.

"Well, Ruth, and did you do it?"

"Not very long. I—I ran away."

"Ah! and then?"

"I—I—found a friend!"

Regina looked very grave.

"And—and I studied under the best professors, and, finally, came here."

There was a long pause. Ruth's face was crimson, and her eyes averted. Regina was very sad. She had hoped for different things; but she knew as well as if the word had been spoken, what Ruth intended she should surmise, from her incoherent explanation. Still there was time. She might save her from a worse fate. And, after all, what right had she to cast the first stone, or to wonder, even for a moment, that another had entered the bye and forbidden paths in which she herself had walked. She took Ruth's hand in both her own, and looked at her, with a sigh.

"My dear, the poet was right," she said, in a loud voice. "The trail of the serpent *is* over all earth's brightest and most beautiful blossoms."

"Was I wrong in telling you this?" murmured Ruth, with her lips close at Regina's ear.

"No; as you will say, soon. You have saddened me—but that matters little. God knows, *I* cannot reprove you!"

"I am sorry—I am sorry!"

"Will you answer me one question, Ruth?"

"As many as you like."

"Is this man your friend still?"

"No!"

In the dreary tone and the long drawn sigh, Regina read the whole story. Ruth had been deserted.

"Can you forget him?"

"I have been trying. But it is very, very hard!"

"And that is where you got the proud look in your eyes; that is why the bed of the river seemed a pleasant refuge?"

"Yes."

"Very natural, but very foolish, Ruth. You and I have both sinned—we have both suffered; but my pangs were over before yours commenced. I will do all I can to comfort you, if you will let me. You say you have no home?"

"Only my lodgings."

"Bah; put them out of the question. I have no home; I am rich, and happy after a fashion of my own. Prudence there, is to me like a mother. Prince Charlie loves me, so does my horse; and my birds, my cat, and my tame raven are all fond of me in their way. Still, there is a vacant place in my life. I think often that I must fill it, not with a lover, but with a friend. Will you be that friend, Ruth?"

"I!"

She started from her recumbent position in utter surprise. Regina rose, and leaned upon the mantel-piece, gazing intently at her.

"Yes; you, Ruth."

"Is it possible that you mean it?"

"Ask Prudence."

"Indeed, Mademoiselle, Regina mentioned it to me the very evening that she saw you first."

"That was why you watched me so, then?"

"It was. It has been the dream of this last part of my life to find a woman like you, but I never fancied that dream would become reality, till we met."

"But what can you see in me? *Is me?*" and poor Ruth looked down upon her flowing white robes, as if she expected they would disclose the charm that had made this bright and radiant creature love her.

"Not much," said Regina, with a fond smile. "Only a mind at once profound and delicate—a nature at once strong and refined—and a heart—ah, Ruth! I really believe you have the heart which can be true!"

"I can be all this—to you!"

"And more, it may be. Will you?"

"Ah, Regina!"

She, too, rose, flushed and eager. But Regina motioned her back for a moment.

"Stay—know well what you are doing! We are no school-girls to swear a sentimental friendship, and break the oath next week, if it so pleases us. I have very many faults. Can you bear with them?"

"Gladly."

"Then, Ruth, you must live with me!"

"No!"

"Yes. If you do not go of your own free will, I shall carry you off by force!"

"But I am poor—you are rich!"

"Neither you nor I care one straw for that!" said Regina, impetuously. "You shall be my younger sister, and you shall have all things with me. Not one word, Ruth! You surely would not fail me now? Little idiot! Don't you see that your society will repay me? or, if you are too proud for that, you shall read to me, and study with me, and hem my handkerchiefs and aprons. There! what can I say more?"

"But the manager!" said the bewildered girl.

"It is all settled. I saw him to-night, and received his permission to remain here till this most unreasonable hour, in order to obtain your consent to my pleasant little plan. You are free, Ruth—you can go with me to my home if you choose. *Will* you?"

"Yes."

"And stay there?"

"Till you send me from you?" was the low reply.

"Come here, then."

She advanced a step, Regina bent down, and their lips met.

"That seals the contract, Ruth. I shall observe it till I die!"

"And I also!"

Prudence, who had been sniffing and wiping her eyes in the background, came forward with the cloaks and shawls, now all was arranged.

"My dear, it is nearly two o'clock!"

"Bless me! what will our good manager say? I promised faithfully to go at one. Well, it cannot be helped; if he is very cross, I must coax him into good humor again when he comes out to see me. But, Prudence, give that poor wretch who has been waiting to close the door, a guinea. I am sure he has earned it."

"Yes, my dear!"

"As for you, Ruth, you shall go home as *costume!*" and she enveloped the white robed figure in a fur cloak. "Undine in sables! that is [illegible]. Come!"

Some [illegible] feeling of regret—perhaps an instinctive whispering of their final parting—made her halt on the threshhold, and look around, half fondly, half sadly, upon the little room.

"Farewell—a long farewell—to all my greatness!" she exclaimed, waving her hand. "I wonder how long it will be before I shall enter here again, Ruth?"

Then they took their departure.

The white horse, under the charge of its own groom, had preceded them, and when the carriage halted before the gate of the cottage, the animal put his head against the lattice, and gave a low whinny of delight.

"Look, Ruth," said Regina, as they went up to him; "the foolish fellow will never go to his stable till he has said good night to me. Are you afraid of him?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"I thought I saw you shrinking away from him one night on the stage."

"I remember. I came too near, and he nearly stepped on my foot."

"Well, be friends with him now! He will shake hands with you, if you like. Saladin, greet her!"

The beautiful creature lifted his delicate hoof and placed it daintily in Ruth's hand, tossing up his head at the same moment, as she played with his flowing mane. Regina took on very proudly. The Arabian was the prime favorite of all her dearly-loved pets.

"Good night, my beautiful!" she murmured, pressing her lips to the starry circlet on his forehead, and letting him eat a piece of sugar from her hand. "I will come to you when the morning breaks."

Prudence entered the house—the carriage drove round to the stables—but they lingered on in the moonlight, looking at Saladin and Prince Charlie, who were crossing the lawn with the groom.

"How fond you are of animals!" said Ruth.

"Yes; it is my weak point. As for the horse, I fear, at times, I make an idol of him. But he is so graceful—so beautiful—so loving and intelligent—that I look upon him more as a human being than as a brute! No!—I'll not call him by *that* name. My Saladin a brute! I have seen brutes in my lifetime, but they never walked on four legs—never!"

"I thought his name was—" Ruth checked herself suddenly.

"Alfred," said Regina, calmly. "It was at first. Lord Erlinford wished it so. But since I came to England, I have called him Saladin, after one of my old ideals. Pretty creature! See him turn to give us a last adieu! Good night, my pet—good night!"

Ruth could not help smiling.

Ah, you are laughing at my enthusiasm; you do not understand it; and I hope you never may."

"Why?"

"To love animals as I love them, one must first have got completely out of joint with the rest of animated nature. It is a pleasure beyond words, but it only comes after pain—such pain, little one, as I do not mean you to know anything about. But we will leave Saladin and his mates. Look around, and tell me how you like our home."

"It is very pleasant. A home, indeed!"

"Yes; I flatter myself that it is not much amiss. Look at this vine over our heads. When we return home from Italy, in the autumn, we shall have grapes as large as plums."

"We are going to Italy, then?"

"Of course. And to a thousand other places which I have often longed to visit. I have only been waiting for my companion. I am not sure that I shall not give you a peep at my little villa in Texas before we return. The world is before us, Ruth—at least, till winter comes again; and we are going to enjoy ourselves vastly."

"I hope so."

Hand in hand they went down the garden walk. The moonlight shone on the dancing waters of the fountain, the trees rustled over head in the night-wind, and no other sound except the roll of a distant carriage, or the step of the policeman pacing up and down the lane, broke the stillness. Ruth gazed at the bright sky, and the falling water, with a delighted smile.

"Oh, Regina, I never knew the world was half so beautiful as this!"

"I dare say not, you poor little London prude! I am glad to get you out of that dingy city. I am glad you love this place. Look at that moon! I think, sometimes, she keeps her brightest light for my garden, because she knows how thoroughly I appreciate it. Are you sleepy, Ruth?"

"Oh, no! I shall never want to sleep again."

"You will begin to nod in an hour. But see the fountain!"

An arch had been newly raised above its brim, quaintly wrought in old Gothic points and crosses, and surmounted by a marble figure—a snow-white doe, whose graceful head was bent, as if to crop the lilies at her feet.

Regina took the drinking cup from its niche, filled it, and presented it to her companion.

"Now, wish before you drink!"

"Yes."

She paused a moment—a serious look came over her face—then she lifted the cup to her lips.

"You must not tell your wish to me!"

"I know. Yet you would be pleased with it, and I think it will be granted."

"Very well—wait and see. Oh, what a night it is! And how happy I am!" she added, leaning gently on Ruth's shoulder. "Positively I am unable to frame a wish for anything, or any person, beyond these walls. I feel like a little child, Ruth—a child let loose from school, and ready to run and play."

Ruth's cloak slid from her shoulders to the ground. Some of the water lilies still lingered in her hair, and her white garments looked silvery in the moonlight.

"Undine!—and by the fountain!" exclaimed Regina. "Let us dance."

"Dance! Do you dance?"

"You forget that I am a Frenchwoman, and naturally gifted with the lightest of toes and heels. Come, we will make the fairies at our wishing well go mad, and break their hearts with envy."

Arm in arm, they floated gracefully around the fountain's brim. Regina proved the truth of her assertion, [illegible] woman can dance, and Ruth was delighted. Faster and faster, the swaying motion changed into a *bona fide* waltz, and they flew up and down the gravelled walk as if they had wings, their fresh voices, and sweet, low laughter, falling pleasantly on the quiet air. Ruth was the first to stop. Regina, flushed with the exercise, and mischievous as a child, snatched up the cloak from beneath her feet, and pointed to the house.

"Can you run?"

"Like a lapwing!"

"We will have a race then to the hall door; and she who reaches it first shall have the largest bird at supper! Start fair! One—two—three! Now!"

Away they went, and coming upon the door at the same moment, precipitated themselves into the hall with such a tumult of laughter, that Prudence uttered a shriek, and ran out from the study, under the impression that thieves had broken in.

"Ah, my dear!" she said, shaking her head in pretended rebuke; "it is well we have no neighbors."

"Right! But we are going to be very good and very still now. Is supper ready!"

"Quite; and your rooms. I have seen to all, I think. I will fasten the doors now, and go to bed."

"Have you had supper yourself?"

"While you were in the garden. Good night, my dears. Go soon to bed, for it is nearly morning."

She kissed them both affectionately: and, having bolted the door, went up to her room. Regina led her guest into the study.

"She has the kindest heart, Ruth. You see she has adopted you at once. I think nothing could have given me more pleasure."

"Oh, what a pleasant room!" exclaimed Ruth, who had never seen anything to equal the snug library, put in readiness for them by the careful hand of Prudence.

"Yes, the room is very well," said Regina, quietly. "Sit down in your own chair, and help yourself. I must feed the Prince, and that cat, who is always wide awake when any eating is going on. Come, Pasheen?"

The meal was not soon concluded. When, however, they tired of the delicacies set before them, Regina pushed back the table, and wheeled up the little stand. The box was opened—it was full of delicate cigarets, such as the Mexican ladies use.

"I learnt it in Texas," she said apologetically, as Ruth looked on in astonishment. "The example is a bad one. I do not advise you to follow it. But try the wine—it came from the famous cellar in Bremen, and might be liquid gold, for the price I paid."

"What a Sybarite you are!" said Ruth, glancing at the tall figure stretched lazily out in the velvet chair.

"Yes, I suppose so; but how can I help it? One must rest and be happy in one way or another. My rose-leaves are, certainly, very smooth under me just at present. Do you want to go to bed, Ruth?"

"Not I."

"Then draw your chair near mine. Does the smoke offend you?"

"No; it is perfumed—it is like violets."

"Well, fill your glass, and we will talk."

Day broke in the east, but they heeded it not; nor did they separate until Prudence, coming down for breakfast, found them, and deeply scandalized, drove them to their respective sleeping-rooms. (TO BE CONTINUED.)


# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1860.

**TERMS, &c.**

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.


## TO WRITERS FOR THE PRESS.

We have a few words for those who are in the habit of sending contributions to the press, which we will preface with a question.

Do you, sir or madam, particularly enjoy the reading of manuscript? In other words, are you able to decipher the most careless handwriting, gather the writer's meaning, and make up your mind as to the value of his thoughts, as readily as if you were reading print?

You know you are not. Then why do you send to one whose time and eyes are so precious to him as an editor's, such wretchedly written and arranged manuscript?

Think of the position of the editor. He is overflowed with manuscripts, of which—judging the present by the past—he knows that about nine out of ten are good for nothing. Think of the labor of selecting that one-tenth of nourishing grain out of the nine-tenths of worthless chaff. Besides, with manuscript enough to employ almost *all* of his time in reading it, he can devote to its perusal only a small portion of his time. Brain cannot work for ever, eyes will give out if too much imposed upon—and there are countless newspaper exchanges to glance over, numerous magazines and other periodicals to [illegible] with the utmost care, and editorials and letters to write, besides the reading of manuscripts. Is it to be wondered at that he is sometimes inclined to think uncivil things, and occasionally to say them, when manuscripts are sent to him which on account of their being illegibly written and carelessly arranged, occupy him three times as long in finding out that they are good for nothing as they should do?

Now for the benefit of all young editors, we will give a portion of our experience. In nineteen cases out of twenty, the best writers send the best manuscripts. They either take a natural pride in their compositions; or else, possessing at least a little good sense, they argue that what cannot be easily read, will hardly be fairly appreciated. Occasionally we have known good writers, after they have made a name, grow a little careless—but their early productions were nearly always very plainly written and carefully arranged. Therefore, if an editor throws aside all the slovenly manuscripts sent him, he will run no great risk of committing a blunder.

We wish some of these young ladies and gentlemen who send articles to newspapers, could but take a glance at the manuscript of the author of "The Earl's Daughters" for instance—we think they would blush for a week afterwards.

Now this is a serious matter—and, for ourselves, we give full warning—and trust that our example will be imitated by our brethren of the press. *Hereafter we will not even take the trouble to read a poor manuscript.* Anything that is not worth the labor of putting it in the best form, confessedly is not fit for publication. We shall insist upon every would-be contributor putting his or her contribution in the best possible shape, even if it has to be copied a *dozen* times, before it is sent to us. And we shall pitch remorselessly aside every illegible scrawl—poetry or prose—that is sent to our office.

The most satisfactory mode of arranging a long manuscript—such as a story, for instance—is to take some twenty sheets of good-sized letter paper, and stitch them together neatly through the middle. Write your manuscript in the first place as you please, but when it is corrected to your mind, copy it off in a simple, *plain* hand, (avoiding all flourishes) with good *black* ink. Remember that the main thing is, *not* to produce an elegant piece of penmanship, but to make a clear, easily-read copy. Such a manuscript will save the time and eyes and brain of the editor, and also, if it should be printed, of the type-setters and proof readers. Besides, not only will the writer have better justice done him by the editor, but his composition, if printed, will be apt to be clearer of typographical errors. Of course, if a paper book of the size described above, is not large enough to hold the story, make a second, or a third, or a dozen. Moreover, write on only one side of each sheet.

This is, as our Chinese friends say, a "vermilion edict"—let all would-be authors and authoresses therefore take notice. If they would enter the realms of literary immortality through the gate of THE POST, they must come carefully arrayed in clean garments. If St. Peter is not sitting there with his keys, one of his sons is.

## THE GREAT EASTERN.

This new monarch of the deep arrived at New York on Thursday of last week. After waiting for high tide she was able, being lightly laden, to make her way into the harbor. Her presence created great excitement, and the poor Japanese sank at once from lions into ordinary mortals. Even "Tommy," it is said, ceased to excite the admiration of many of his female adorers, who ran off to the wharves to get a look at the new "sensation." We give a description of the Great Eastern in our news columns; she is truly one of the wonders of the world—and, even if she should fail to do all that her projectors and builders designed, she will still remain a noble monument of the daring enterprise, and mechanical and scientific skill of the Englishman of the nineteenth century.

We, who generally laugh at the fashionable enthusiasms, especially such as the Japanese nonsense that we have lately passed through, will allow that a reasonable degree of excitement in the case of the Great Eastern is natural and proper. We think this leviathan of vessels is well worth making a visit of a hundred miles to see—and, could we spare the time, would like to visit New York on purpose to behold the floating marvel. Still, we expect to eat about as much dinner, drink as temperately, sleep as soundly of nights, and hurry and hurra just as little as if the Great Eastern had not arrived. Would that our New York friends could be induced to imitate our philosophical example; for we fear this last source of excitement, coming so closely upon the Japanese effervescence, will prove too much for many of the citizens of that highly excitable city. Still we hope for the best, knowing that, as we once heard a good old lady say in a meeting of the "Friends" in this city, "when a barrel or other vessel is full of combustibles, it is impossible to put in any more."

## DEATH OF MR. JAMES.

Mr. G. P. R. James, the well known novelist, and of late a contributor to THE POST, died recently in Venice, in the sixtieth year of his age.

Mr. James made, we believe, his first appearance as a writer of novels in 1829, when he published "Richelieu," one of the best of his productions. Afterwards he wrote over eighty works, on various subjects, the great majority of them being fictions.

When we met Mr. James in this city about two years ago, he appeared to be in the possession of vigorous health—and he prided himself upon the little impression that the severe cold of the Massachusetts winters had been able to make upon him. We judge that his constitution held out almost to the last—yielding rapidly after it began to yield, to the inroads of disease.

Well—it is the common fate—and not one to be regretted where a life has been usefully employed; and as a teacher of pure morals, and as one who has aided multitudes in passing their hours of relaxation in innocent enjoyment, Mr. James deserves to be held in grateful remembrance by all who speak the [illegible] English tongue.

## THE CHAMPIONS BEATEN.

Lovers of cricket will be interested in learning that the Champion Eleven who visited this country last year, were recently beaten by another Eleven near Manchester. The match occupied three days, the Champions scoring 140 in the two innings, the "England" Eleven beating with ease—proving the truth of the old maxim, "There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

THE TURKISH BATH.—We publish, this week, a well-written article from *The London Critic*, on the merits of the Turkish bath. Our readers must not suppose that we unite fully in all these eulogies of the hot air bath in question. We believe that it may be very useful as an occasional renovator of the exhausted or fevered frame, but as a regular daily, semi-weekly, or even weekly bath, we think its effect would be injurious.

——By the way, we have no Turkish bath, we believe, in this city. The depot of the Germantown Railroad, at the corner of Ninth and Green streets, in the summer months, comes perhaps the nearest to one—the only side where the wind could possibly blow in, being carefully constructed without windows, at a saving already probably of from 25 to 75 cents, including compound interest from the date of erection. This company, therefore, deserves the credit of being the first to combine a Depot and a Turkish Bath in the same building.

BAD GRAMMAR.—The *Public Ledger* says, in a recent article, that "in Minnesota crops look *splendidly*." Not at all, Mr. Ledger; they look *splendid*, perhaps, but not *splendidly*. Splendidly is an adverb, and varies the meaning of the verb—signifies the manner of *looking*, in this case; not the appearance of the thing looked at. Of course we take it for granted that the error in the *Ledger* was a mere slip of the pen; and only notice it because we hear similar mistakes almost daily in conversation; ladies averring that things look splendidly, beautifully, magnificently, when they simply mean to say that they look splendid, beautiful and magnificent.

WOULD VERSUS SHOULD.—A recent advertisement quotes the following:—

"I *should* rather have written 'Rutledge' than 'The Mill on the Floss.'"—*Author of Beulah.*

Does the "author of Beulah" mean that she *would* rather have written "Rutledge?" If so, while her taste may be objected to, her will should not be constrained; but if she means that she is under any *obligation* in the matter, it manifests rather a curious idea of duty.

☞ The SACRED CONCERT in the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, Germantown, was well attended, and the music, both vocal and instrumental, of very excellent quality. As well as we could judge by gas light, the paintings, in general, are admirably executed. The architectural proportions of the interior of the church struck us as being remarkably harmonious, while the effect of the dome is very fine.

AMUSING.—The *London Athenæum*, in a recent notice of Mr. Cropsey's picture of "Autumn on the Hudson River," says:—

The view chosen is the *mouth* of the great and beautiful river *just where the Catskill Mountains come down to the sea, near West Point.*"

We begin to think that the English journalists, as a class, religiously believe they will never get to Heaven if they study geography; or else they would invest a few dollars in maps and gazetteers and not continually make such ridiculous blunders about America.

DEPARTURE OF THE JAPANESE.—The Japanese ambassadors and suite embarked on board the frigate Niagara on Friday of last week—expecting to sail on Monday for Japan, where they will no doubt a curious tale unfold. It is reported that they recently decided between the rival claims of New York and Philadelphia as follows:—"New York has much rascals, Philadelphia much gentlemens." Spartan brevity and wisdom, it seems to us, could not exceed that.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE AVOIDABLE CAUSES OF DISEASE. By JOHN ELLIS, M. D. Published by Mason Bros., New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE HOME-BOOK OF HEALTH AND MEDICINE. By W. A. ALCOTT, M. D. With 31 illustrations. Published by G. G. Evans, Philada.

THE KELLETS AND THE O KELLETS. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "Dr. Thorne," &c. Published by Rudd & Carleton, New York; and for sale by E. H. Butler & Co., Philada.

BOTH SIDES OF THE GRAPE QUESTION. THREE ESSAYS. By W. SAUNDERS, of Germantown, F. J. Cope, of Greensburg, and J. McMinn, of Williamsport, Pa. Published by A. M. Spangler, Philadelphia. Price 25 and 35 cents.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL RECOLLECTIONS. By the late ROBERT CHARLES LESLIE, R. A. By Tom Taylor, Esq., editor of the "Autobiography of Haydon." With Portrait. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for July. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

TRAVELS, RESEARCHES AND MISSIONARY LABORS IN EASTERN AFRICA. By the Rev. J. LEWIS KRAPF. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE MOUNT VERNON PAPERS. By EDWARD EVERETT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

## TITLED ACTRESSES AND SINGERS.

The Countess of Derby was Eliza Farren, actress: the Countess of Craven was Louisa Brunton, actress; the Countess of Essex was Kitty Stephens, singer. Each and every one of these ladies had an exemplary reputation before and after marriage, and were received at the Court of the British Sovereign for the time being, just as if they had been Duke's daughters. Their husbands, in a word, drew them up to their own elevated station, and society *gladly received them.*

On the other hand, the Duchess of St. Albans, (Miss Mellon, afterwards Mrs. Coutts,) and the Countess of Harrington, (the notorious Colonel Berkley's Maria Foote,) had light characters and loose conduct before marriage, and were never received at Court, or in any society which had a care for its own reputation. It was just the same with the late Countess of Blessington, whose character was about as bad as it could be before marriage; she never ventured to solicit a presentation at Court, and was visited, during her residence in London, only by *gentlemen.*

Henrietta Sontag, singer, married Count Rossi—ambassador to Russia. And very recently, Miss Victoria Balfe, opera singer, married Sir John Crampton, British ambassador at the same court.—*Press.*

☞ What would this world be without woman? A perfect blank—like a sheet of paper not even *ruled!*

☞ If a rich old gentleman has a thought of marrying, let him consider well beforehand what it is that he stands in need of—a wife, an heiress, or a nurse.

☞ It is a singular fact that a woman cannot look from a precipice of any magnitude without becoming instantly dizzy. But what is still more singular, the dizziness departs the very moment somebody puts his arm around her waist to keep her from falling. Queer, isn't it?

☞ Rev. Dr. Cummings, the "Great Tribulation" prophet of England, who predicts the end of the world in 1867, has renewed the lease of a cottage for fifty years. In explanation, he says, that "a belief in prophecy should not override common sense." The Doctor seems to have more "common sense" than faith.

☞ It may fairly be contended that inveterate laziness is the most effective labor-saving machine ever invented.

☞ The "golden mean" of which people talk so much is now discovered to be money.

☞ An orthodox Christian should never place his watch to his ear, for then he becomes a hear-a-tick.

☞ It is quite natural that when woman reigns she should storm—and she always does.

☞ A pretty girl's sentimental religion: If an agreeable fellow kisses you on the cheek, turn to him the other also.

☞ HYSTERICS—A pleasant sham women indulge in when they desire to carry a point, or know of nothing else to do.

☞ The poorest proof (as society and the world are,) of a woman's love, is her willingness to marry you.

☞ GENEALOGY SETTLED FOR ALL TIME.—We are authorized to state by a distinguished Hibernian, that since the discovery of the Irish origin of Adam and Eve, all persons of note since the creation, and all that may be prominent hereafter, have been and will be necessarily of Irish nativity.

☞ OLD MAIDS—A class of sensible women, who refuse to accept a husband until they find some one they can love and esteem—which, of course, they rarely do.

☞ An old bachelor says that during leap year the ladies jump at every offer of marriage—hence the term.

# LETTER FROM PARIS.

A NUT FOR YOUNG TEETH TO CRACK—SAVANS IN SORROW—A GOOD IDEA—A HISTORICAL QUESTION—A WORD ON COCKADES—A CANTON GRANDEE—A SYRIAN SWINDLE.

PARIS, June 8, 1860.

*Mr. Editor of the Post:*—

For the amusement of those of your readers who enjoy the labor of guessing a hard riddle, I send the following which, as I learn from the friend who has handed it to me, is an old one, and has hitherto baffled the ingenuity of the most skillful English readers of "dark sayings." This friend, himself a remarkably clear guesser of riddles, has been hammering away at it, at intervals, for an immense time past, and declares that it is the only riddle that ever baffled him. He has given it to every creature who he thought might help him to discover its meaning, and has now requested me to commend it to the wits of the riddle-readers of THE POST. I have succeeded in finding out several famous riddles that were said to have baffled all previous attempts to discover them; but my own opinion of this one, after poring over it for some time, inclines to the supposition that it is a "catch," that it was written for the purpose of mystifying riddle-lovers, and that it really has no meaning. However, such as it is, I send it, at my friend's request, having solemnly promised him that if any future number of THE POST should contain the much-desired solution, he shall certainly have a copy of the same:

RIDDLE.*

I sit on the Rock while I'm raising the wind—
But, the storm once abated, I'm gentle and kind:
I have kings at my feet who await but my nod
To kneel down in the dust on the ground that I've trod;
Though oft seen by the world, I am known but by few;
The Gentiles detest me;—I'm pork to the Jew;—
I never have pass'd but night in the dark,
And that was with Noah, alone in the ark;
My weight is 3 pounds;—and my length is a mile;
And when I'm discover'd, you'll say, with a smile,
That my *first* and my *last* are the best of our Isle.

The Academy of Sciences, which had just been thrown into a state of pleasurable excitement by the statement of M. Seguin with regard to certain toads and vipers which he had caused to be hermetically enclosed, some five, some ten, and others fifteen years ago, in blocks of plaster, and of which those which he had recently released from their prison were found to be alive and well, has just proceeded to open the remaining blocks which that gentleman had presented to it, in order that the "vexed question" of the power of these animals to live embedded in blocks of stone might be, once for all, definitively settled in the affirmative. Imagine the trembling anxiety of the learned body as the blocks were carefully cracked open in the presence of its members; and imagine, also, the triumphant looks of the antagonists of this asserted power, and the blank countenances of its friends, when, on opening *three* precious blocks, it was found that the interesting reptiles so carefully preserved were completely dried up!

Another member of the Academy seems to be more fortunate in the riding of his own peculiar hobby, as he announces that no difficulty need be experienced henceforth, in the purification of wells from the deadly carbonic acid gas that so often accumulates in them, extinguishing a candle when let down as a test, and rendering the air they contain unfit for respiration. He proposes to effect this object by slaking lime in water, and pouring this water gradually into the well, so as to let it trickle down the sides, thus presenting the largest absorbing surface possible. A quantity of quicklime is then thrown down in lumps. The gas in question being "greedily" absorbed by the lime, the process of clearance is speedily effected. Dense vapors rise immediately to the brink of the well, and on the following day, a lighted candle being let down as before, will show, by continuing ignited, that the air in the well is fit for respiration. The watchers at the Paris Observatory are also rejoicing over the construction of a new telescope now being made for that institution, and whose magnifying powers, it is said, will be above twenty thousand.

Much discussion has been going on here as to the date at which cannon was first used in battle by the French; and it has been stated, on the authority of a manuscript found in the library of Epinal, that this engine of destruction was first used by them in the field in the year 1324. But it appears from the researches of M. Cuvillier d' Acy on the history of the De Coucy family, in the course of which he describes a cannon formerly belonging to this family bearing the date of 1258, that it originated nearly a century earlier. This specimen of the work performed by the metal-casters of those old troublous times, was found at the bottom of a deep well in the old castle of Coucy, along with a great quantity of broken armor and weapons. It is made of brass, and its present length is about two feet, but, as the muzzle has been broken off, its original length was probably over three feet. Round the touch-hole there is a trefoil ornament, with the inscription "Made the 5th of March, 1258, Raoul of the King of Coucy." A cross representing the signature of this "King of Coucy," who, most probably, was guiltless of the art of writing, is placed in the middle of the inscription. This old cannon is preserved at the *Mairie* of Coucy, and is still used to fire salutes on public occasions.

It is curious to remark how completely, in those old times, the great feudal lords arrogated to themselves, each in his own domain, the powers which became, at a later period, concentrated in the hands of the King, and that are now, in constitutional governments, divided, for the most part, between the Minister of the Crown and the representatives of the people. The assertion of these feudal powers in some cases, was made by the descendants of the old French nobles as late as the period immediately preceding the great Revolution, when, among other examples of a similar character, we find the Marquis d'Agoult, within the limits of his ancestral domain, still asserting his right to employ the two "kingly prerogatives" of coining money and taking life. The sentiment of the nation was already roused against the perpetuation of these prerogatives in the persons of the great lords, and the kings of France had long been doing their best to pare the nails and draw the teeth of the domestic kings whose pretensions rivalled their own. So, Raoul d'Agoult (Raoul seems to have been a favorite name in the annals of France,) was called to account for his haughty doings, and informed that he must, for the future, comport himself as a subject, and not as a sovereign; that he must no longer coin money, and especially abstain from putting to death the king's lieges, on pretext that they were the subjects of the lords of Agoult. But no sooner had the proud Raoul received this intimation than he answered the Royal messengers by immediately putting a man to death. It is said in defence of this act, that the man, then lying in his dungeon, had been already sentenced to death as a murderer; but the fact that he was really put to death by Raoul's orders, in defiance of the summons of the King, and that the latter allowed the deed to pass unpunished, is enough, of itself, to mark the immensity of the progress which has been made by society since that comparatively recent period.

Relics of feudalism, whose origin is often unsuspected, still linger among us in the habits and customs of our own day. The cockades worn in hats of men-servants in most of the countries of the Old World, appear to have been originally used as a badge, distinguishing the retainers and men-at-arms of the old chieftains. The period at which this form of badge was first employed is uncertain—though many writers suppose them to have been first used in England, and after the series of disastrous domestic conflicts known to posterity as the Wars of the Roses, when the retainers of the rival houses of York and Lancaster were known by the white and red roses which they wore in their caps. In after times, military and naval officers followed the practice, and designated their servants by a cockade, which not only has a certain resemblance to the old badge of the roses, but is also popularly known in most countries as a *rosette*. In England, at the present day, the right to wear a cockade is confined to the servants of all those who are in any way connected with the army and navy, or the military and naval defence of the country, including the militia and the lieutenants and deputy-lieutenants of each county, its being worn by others being considered as ridiculous.

Some of the papers here are giving wonderful descriptions of the estate and mansion of a great Chinese merchant of Canton, named Portingua, on which he spends no less a sum than $600,000 per annum; an enormous outlay for a country in which labor is to be had almost for nothing. The domain in question is of more than Royal extent and magnificence; the Chinaman who owns it, made his fortune entirely by the opium trade, and is said to possess more than $20,000,000. This wealthy sinner has upwards of fifty wives, and one hundred and ten domestics, including gardeners and laborers, without counting those he has upon a still larger and finer estate he possesses in the north of China. He is said to be fond of the French, whom he treats very well, inviting them frequently to splendid entertainments at his house. He has a steward, and the whole establishment is kept up in princely style. In front of the house is a vast garden, full of the rarest flowers; a wide alley leads to the principal entrance. The apartments of this grand mansion are very large, and all the floors are of marble; they are ornament with columns of the same material and of sandal-wood, encrusted with mother-of-pearl, gold, silver, and precious stones. Splendid looking-glasses of prodigious size, furniture made of precious woods, or covered with Japan lacquer, and magnificent carpets of velvet and silk, decorate the rooms. The apartments are separated from each other by moveable partitions of cypress and sandal-wood, which are ornamented with charming designs, cut right through the wood, so as to permit one room to be seen from the other. From the ceilings are suspended chandeliers ornamented with precious stones. There are more than thirty piles of building in this splendid edifice, all of them being united by covered galleries with columns and pavements of marble. The lodgings of the concourse of wives and children are sumptuous in the extreme; and an army might be comfortably quartered in the house and grounds. Water-courses, on which are gilded junks, traverse the latter in all directions; and at intervals are vast basins, in which swans, ibises, and an infinite variety of water-birds are kept. There are also a number of pagodas, some of them being nine stories in height, and very remarkable in point of construction; some of these are built of marble, others of sandal-wood, carved with all the elaborate richness of Chinese art. Immense aviaries contain whole flocks of non-aquatic birds. In front of the women's apartments is a theatre, in which a hundred actors can perform, and so placed that people in those apartments can see the performance without difficulty. Near the door of entrance is a printing-office, in which Mr. Portingua is having the memoirs of his family prepared for posterity.

A late number of the *Levant Herald* contains a warning address to the people of the United States, and intended to put them on their guard against a very plausible project for swindling them out of their money on an imaginary pretext, which it declares is even now being got up in Beyrout. This journal states that two young men, natives of Syria, would shortly start from that city for Liverpool, whence they will sail for the United States, the intention of these youths, one or both of whom speak English well, being to solicit alms throughout the States on behalf of an imaginary hospital, which a Maronite bishop, they declare, wants to build in Mount Lebanon. These persons carry no letters from the American Consul, nor from any of the numerous American Protestant missionaries established in that region, although they may possibly have obtained letters from American Consuls or Missionaries at a distance, adds the *Herald*, which warns the people of the States to give nothing to this pretended charity, at any rate until they can write to some of their countrymen out there for information on the subject, or all the money they may give will go into the private pocket of the Maronite priest who receives their contributions. "The Americans may remember," adds the Herald, in conclusion, "that about the year 1850 or 1851, a venerable-looking Greek-Catholic monk went through the United States, collecting money to build schools in Mount Lebanon. He succeeded in collecting between three and four hundred thousand dollars; for Jonathan, like his Cousin John Bull, is a sad goose whenever a man in a foreign garment asks him for charity. The money was duly brought here, and although this was about nine years ago, not a single school has ever been set on foot by the reverend party who collected the needful. He built a large addition to his convent, paid some debts of his order, and purchased very extensive tracts of land with the balance."

QUANTUM.

*NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—We think we have already published this riddle in THE POST—but received no answer. We are inclined to agree with our correspondent that it is a "catch." Still, as it may not be, we commend it once more to the attention of the riddle-loving fraternity.

☞ The virulent poison of the rattlesnake, or cobra di capello, when subjected to chemical analysis, yields nothing but gum and water.

☞ Liquids are held together by cohesion, which varies in power, as is seen by the different sizes of drops of water, oil, syrups, or spirits when thus measured out.

☞ Most thoughtful men have probably some dark fountains in their souls, by the side of which, if there were time, and it were decorous, they could let their thoughts sit down and wait indefinitely.—*Friends in Council.*

☞ Three men have started for Pike's Peak with a party of fifteen girls, to supply, in part, the destitution of wives existing in that quarter.

☞ Josiah D——— is a most estimable gentleman, upright, strictly pious, and withal a staunch, thoroughgoing Democrat. During the Mexican war he was called upon at a regular church meeting to pray, and he closed with this addition:—"Be with our army in Mexico; whether it be right or whether it be wrong, bless it! We of the Democratic party are charged with making a war of conquest, but we believe it to be a war of defence. But we would not enter into argument of the subject, and for further particulars would refer to the President's message!"

☞ As no other roads are so rough as those which have just been mended, so as no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.

☞ ADVICE TO CREDITORS.—When you cannot collect the money from a debtor, don't forget to "make a note of it."

☞ An old woman at Seaton Carew, England, received the other day from her son in California a letter, in which he says:—"I see you have got Jack Heenan over in England—the same Jack Heenan that I once gave a good leathering to myself out here, and I hope he'll get well leathered in Old England before he comes back!" The recipient of the letter says, "she has leathered *her* son often; and he has leathered Heenan." The inference is obvious.

☞ J. H. Knox, editor of the Indianola Visitor, has returned from Pike's Peak fully satisfied with what he saw there, and he predicts another stampede from that region this summer.

☞ Professor Robinson's rule for estimating the strength of cordage is to square the circumference of the rope in inches, and take one-fifth of the number for the weight in tuns which the rope will bear.

☞ The poorest are not unfrequently the happiest. A Sultan who, as a cure for low spirits, was directed by his physician to wear the shirt of the happiest man in his domains, selected a gay and reckless fellow, but, on stripping him for his shirt, found he didn't wear one.

☞ A returned Californian has a right to rest upon his ore.

☞ A bachelor who had procured a marriage license for a friend, while glancing over it, was heard to soliloquize thus:—"Can't do it—would like to, but won't—want a wife—would like to have a wife—but must do without so expensive a luxury—wives are expensive—money is scarce—provisions are high—won't consent to give any one authority to spend money for me—can't do it."

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.—M. Noel, a French agriculturist, speaking of the introduction of the potato into France, says:—

"This vegetable was viewed by the people with extreme disfavor when first introduced, and many expedients were adopted to induce them to use it, but without success. In vain did Louis XVI. wear its flower in his buttonhole, and in vain were samples of the tubercle distributed among the farmers; they gave them to their pigs, but would not use them themselves. At last, Parmentier, the chemist, who well knew the nutritive properties of the potato, and was most anxious to see it in general use, hit upon the following ingenious plan: He planted a good breadth of potatoes at Sablons, close to Paris, and paid great attention to their cultivation. When the roots were nearly ripe, he put notices around the field that all persons who stole any of the potatoes would be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the laws, and gens-d'armes were employed to watch the field day and night, and arrest all trespassers. No sooner were the new roots thus forbidden, as it were, by authority, than all persons seemed eager to eat them, and in a fortnight, notwithstanding the gens d'armes, the whole crop was stolen, and without doubt eaten. The new vegetable having been found to be excellent food, was soon after cultivated in every part of the kingdom."

THE astronomical party, composed of Professors Alexander, Vethake, Smith, &c., left New York on June 28th, to proceed to Cape Chudleigh, Labrador, and observe the total eclipse of the sun, which will occur on the 18th of July. U. S. steamer Bibb, Lieut. Commanding Alexander Murray, has been selected for carrying out the objects of the expedition.

THE COTTON CROP.—A Mississippi correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune says:—"I see that a paper in your city estimates the growing crop at 5,000,000 bales; it will be fully that, should nothing unusual occur. It has now a fine start, and, with a dry picking season, it will exceed that quantity.

MADAME Emilie Zulavsky Kossuth died this morning at her residence, in Brooklyn, aged 43 years. Madame Zulavsky was a sister of Louis Kossuth, and had been in this country since the memorable visit of the distinguished Hungarian exile.

## TROPICAL VEGETATION.

SELECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, FROM UNPUBLISHED NOTES OF AN ARTIST.

In the forests of Cuba, a great variety of trees is found, the wood of which is exceedingly hard and durable. Most of these are unknown in the United States. Mahogany, the soft Spanish cedar, fustic, used in dying a rich yellow, and one or two other kinds, are all that we receive from that island. The names they generally bear are those by which they were known to the natives when the Spaniards took possession of the country. Others are designated by Spanish names, descriptive of their qualities, as, for instance, *Quiebra-hacha*, break-hatchet, *Hueso-blanco*, White-bone, *Yema-de-huevo*, yolk of egg, *Roble de olor*, fragrant oak, &c., &c. No American wood can compare with some of them in hardness and density, and for the manufacture of wagons and carriages, to be jolted over the rough, rocky roads of Cuba, they are invaluable. The felloes of the huge cart, used to bring in the cut canes from the fields, are often made of *Chicharron*, one of the hardest and toughest of all—and no iron tire is needed to brace the wheel. Beams made of Quiebra-hacha will not unfrequently outlast the spikes driven into them,—as has been observed in some of the old, ruined buildings in St. Augustine's, in Florida. Tables, bureaus, and wardrobes made of such material, might serve for several generations. The only objection to the use of such wood would be its great weight, and, perhaps, too, the extra cost of manufacture, on account of its hardness.

Other varieties of trees might furnish good blocks for the wood-engraver, as the grain of some appears as fine and close as that of box-wood; and transverse sections of trees could be obtained of much larger size than the trunks of the latter, now imported from Turkey. Among the several hundred kinds of trees growing wild in Cuba, there are doubtless many that would be highly prized for particular purposes, were we once acquainted with them. As only about one-twentieth of the island is under cultivation, there must be a large supply of valuable timber standing in its neglected wastes, but destined, perhaps, at some future day, to be exported to a northern market. With the exception of fuel wanted for the engines on the sugar estates, and the beams and joists for houses, there is but little need for wood in that hot climate. The walls of buildings can be made of the coral rock that abounds everywhere, while bricks and tiles can be readily manufactured from the red clay soil.

As might be expected, all vegetation in Cuba is rank and luxuriant. The Guinea grass, as it is called, has more the coarse appearance of rushes than the delicate and tender shoots on which our cattle thrive. In midwinter, one can stroll for miles through tangled weeds, from six to ten feet high, covered with bright yellow flowers; or from the low wayside walls of coral rock, pull rich clusters of convolvuli, of the most delightful fragrance. The fences, which are sometimes made by driving short logs vertically into the ground, are ornamented with wild vines and creepers in strange confusion, interspersed with purple or scarlet flowers, among which the little emerald-green lizards dart about in every direction. The deep and shaded ravines are, however, more worthy the notice of the traveller or the pencil of the artist. A huge *Ceyba* tree, rising seventy feet without a branch, and then throwing out its horizontal arms far over the royal palms or the cocoanuts, stands in the foreground. Around are the graceful, feathery bamboos, bananas drooping with their weight of fruit, oranges growing in wild profusion; while among them all, twine creepers that run far up to the topmost boughs, and, interlacing, make a screen of dark leaves that the Cuban sun at mid-day cannot penetrate. Around us, on every hand, are the *orchids* or air plants, that seem to nestle among the branches only for support, apparently indifferent whether the tree be dead or alive. Flowers of the brightest colors hang down from them on long stems, in strange contrast with the ragged gray trunks on which they rest. Vegetable life in such a place seems rampant. No shrub or tree decays, but in a few weeks, from the softening fibre, springs up some new growth of flower, or vine, or stately tree. But others wait not for the decay of an old time-worn trunk. The Jaquey, at first a delicate vine, starts insidiously at the root of some giant growth, and twines its thin but strong arms around it, until, in time, by its tight embrace, the circulation of the sap, the heart-blood of the tree, is stopped, and it withers in the folds of the now enormous creeper. The latter, still feeding, as it were, on the life of its supporting tree, becomes one in its turn. Its delicate folds thicken around the dead wood to massive boughs, and at last the Jaquey, the Cuban emblem of ingratitude, stands upon the place and takes the very form of the tree which supplied it with nourishment and then perished in its grasp.

☞ "Faith," said an Irishman, who could not get into his cabin at Ballingarry, his wife having turned the key upon him, "faith its mesself that's regularly locked in." "In," said his companion, "in where?" "Why, in the street."

☞ In most quarrels there is a fault on both sides. Both flint and steel are necessary to the production of a spark; either of them may hammer on wood for ever, and no fire will follow.

☞ Deliver us from a woman with a spirit of disputation in her soul, who will pick you up on the point of a sharp sentence as if you were a dropped stitch in her knitting-work.

☞ A ton of perfect pain can be more easily found than an ounce of perfect happiness. He knows little of himself or of the world, who does not think it sufficient happiness to be free from sorrow.

☞ We pity the family that sit down to a broil three times a day.

☞ If a lady marries a man against your advice, take our's, and don't call on her till the honeymoon is over.

☞ Every man is wary and discreet in confession; it were well if they were so much so in action. Boldness in doing ill is in some sort modified and restrained by boldness in confessing it.

## WHAT IS THE TURKISH BATH?

In an article which awards to Mr. David Urquhart the credit of introducing the Turkish bath to this country, the Critic thus replies to the question, "What is the Turkish bath?"

"In one sense, it is the laying down of half the troubles of existence; it is a regeneration into a new life—a thorough inspiration and re-invigoration. It brings ease to the body and calm to the spirit; it revives the weary; cheers the sorrowful; pours balm around the pain-racked limb; elates and comforts the heaviest heart; gives a man, in a word, a new lease of his youth, with all its abundance of strength, all its sensuous pleasures, all its golden dreams. This is what the Turkish bath is in one sense. In another, it is a building recently opened in Palace street, Pimlico, where we and you also, good reader, may be treated in the manner which we are about to describe.

"When you enter you are requested to take off your boots, and are furnished with a pair of slippers—a precaution necessary to keep the matted floor of the *salon*, or 'cooling-room,' perfectly clean. You are conducted to a dressing-room, where you divest yourself of your clothes, and an apron is handed to you, which you straightway gird about your loins; then a sheet, with which you drape yourself; and straightway you are conducted down stairs to the bath. Your conductors are, like yourself, dressed in an apron. They are stalwart fellows, and look as if they never had been dressed in their lives; for 'they are naked and are not ashamed.' These lead you into the bath, which is a sombre chamber, lit with colored windows, and admitting what the French call the *mi jour*; it is well ventilated, and the air is quite dry, but the temperature is 130 degrees of Fahrenheit. As you enter you lay aside the sheet, and when you have been seated some seconds every part of your skin begins to cover itself with a profuse perspiration. At first, breathing is a little oppressed; but that wears off rapidly, and in a short time you respire with perfect freedom. Presently you are aware that you are in a bath of your own making. In drops, in streams, in rivers, it runs over you; your hair is full of it; your face is bathed; your limbs are inundated. The seven millions of pores said to be in the human body are busily engaged in freeing themselves from the bonds of a long, if unconscious imprisonment. In fact, you are in the most profuse perspiration you ever experienced in your life. What was the ten-mile walk on the August day to this? What the gallop over the downs; or the spurt to Ilfley; or even the training walk under heaven knows how many pea-jackets? All these made the shirt stick to your back; but this would soak a whole week's washing of shirts. And so you sit quietly communing with yourself on these matters until one of the bath-men tells you that it is time to go into the hot room. *The hot room!* Why, you have been sitting for half an-hour in a temperature of 130 degrees, and now you are to go into the hot room! Great is the power of human endurance; your body is now seasoned, and you walk into a room *where the temperature is* 170 *degrees*, without feeling in any way oppressed. And now the streams pour out afresh. All around is dew, but you are like Gideon's fleece. The heat is great, but you do not care for it. The seven millions of pores are now all free, and are rejoicing in their freedom. You thought yourself a cleanly person, because you have taken a sponge-bath every morning all your life and an occasional warm dip. Clean! why you were filthy. So at least the bath-men prove to you presently, for they take you back to the former room; they extend you upon a slab; they knead your muscles and your flesh; and then they roll off you such a mass of dead skin, used up epidermis, that, but for the evidence of your senses, you never could have believed had once belonged to you. However cleanly you may have fancied yourself to be, that is what the Turkish bath will take from you, not only on your first visit, but every week after. The sensation of relief which follows this disincumbrance is amazing.

"But what follows is the crowning joy of all. The Tritons, having shampooed you, lead you into a cool room; they anoint you with soap, and turn upon you a shower of cold water, following it up with a *douche*. Oh, the enjoyment, the delicious enjoyment of that sensation! There is no pleasure of the senses to compare with it. The reaction calls the blood back to the surface, and your newly-polished skin glows with health and vitality. You court the cool water and embrace it; you revel in it, and cannot have too much of it; the Tritons have some difficulty in leading you forth; and, sheeted once more, you again ascend to the 'cooling-room,' where, lying on a couch, you expose your body to the fresh and cooling air, giving it as much oxygen as you can in exchange for the carbon of which you have been purified. In this stage of the proceedings a good cigar is not to be despised. After this you quit Paradise; you resume your clothes, the consequences and memorials of our degradation, and you walk forth a regenerated man.

"What a difference between yourself as you walked in and yourself as you walk out of this magic palace! You almost doubt whether you have not changed your limbs for those of some one else, leaving the weary old ones behind, and taking some of a very superior construction, bran new, muscular, untiring. You could walk twenty miles without wearying those well-oiled joints. You could fly if you had wings. As you have not, you content yourself with turning into St. James's-park, where you amuse yourself (as King Charles the Second did) with feeding the ducks, and cherishing a secret feeling of superiority over all the rest of mankind who have never had a Turkish bath."

☞ A Tennessee paper announces that the inauguration of the Governor was celebrated by firing *minute guns* every *half-hour*.

☞ The higher we rise in the sphere of ideas, the more lonely we get in our intellectual affinities, and the more difficult it becomes to find congenial companions.

☞ It is never safe to neglect one for his want of visible means. He may have within him the invisible means which create the visible.

# WOLF ADVENTURES.

A correspondent of "Porter's Spirit of the Times" tells the following story of his adventures among the wolves:

Gentle reader, are you a hunter, in the full (American) sense of the word? If so, it may have happened in some far away region that you have been "dogged" by a wolf—followed cautiously, and with the utmost cowardice, for miles, until, as the glare in the West began to grow dull, and the half moon overhead cast distinct shadows on the ghastly snow, you suddenly found the brute had worked quite close up to your heels, and had, moreover, been joined by two or three companions as amiable as himself. And *now*, when you turn to face them, they no longer slink away with drooping tails, but look in your face with hard, wild, cruel eyes, and an expression of face that would be highly suggestive to an unarmed man.

The rest depends on yourself. If you have been gorged on wolf stories while a child, until after-knowledge cannot do away with the fear they inspired;—if you are disposed to regard a gang of half a dozen wolves as dangerous in spite of your rifle, why, turn around—not hurriedly—bring the gun to bear on the shaggy front of the foremost, and cut loose. You will see no more of them that night; but in a few minutes thereafter, you may hear a concert that would raise a nervous man out of his moccasins and into the nearest tree.

And now that you think of it, did you ever see the same expression in the face of any living thing before? Every wild animal has a peculiar *expression* in its face, that, to a curious observer, is indeed remarkable; but never, in any eye, wild or tame, will you see the same cold, cruel, greenish gray glare that stares on you from the eye of a wolf. You can read nought of courage or boldness in that sharp, oval face—only a hungry, inquiring look of blood-thirsty eagerness and cautious fear, that stamps him for the remorseless, sanguinary coward which he is. He can be savage, enough, too, on occasion, but it must be an occasion in which an instinctive cowardice sees no danger.

It was in the third winter of my residence on the lake that I decided to pay a visit to a party of Mohawks, who were encamped some fifteen miles above on Sturgeon Lake, and who had, as I was told by old Muskrat's squaw, been very successful in trapping for furs. I took the flies and cone-wrench along, and a lot of trifles that might possibly help out on a fur trade, for I had become lonely and tired of myself for company, and the intention was, if the Indians took the visit kindly, to stay with them several days.

I found them a much finer band than the Chippewas, who, physically speaking, do not come up to one's ideas of what Indians should be, and are, for the most part, short of stature, and ugly looking savages. The Mohawks whom I visited were, on the contrary, tall, well made, stern featured fellows, and most excellent hunters. As shots, they were not equal to white hunters generally, but their skill in approaching game, undiscovered, and their instinctive knowledge of the lurking places in which the animals were to be found, made them eminently successful in hunting and trapping. And here I will take occasion to remark that, as a rule, Indian hunters are neither quick or close shots with the rifle. They very seldom offer a running shot at a deer, and almost always take unnecessary time in getting an accurate aim; at the same time I must admit their consummate skill in approaching for short shots, and give them credit for seldom making a shot in vain.

After a pleasant week spent with the tall, fierce-looking hunters, I started for my own cabin, having in place of the trinkets I brought with me, a very neat lot of furs, and a green bear-skin. The latter was rather heavy and unhandy to pack, added to which I did not start till noon, and then took it easy; so easy in fact, that night overtook me at Stoney Lake some five miles from camp. As the weather was clear and bracing, the snow hard enough to make tolerable walking, and the moon three-quarters full, this was not so very unpleasant, and I stopped by a little island with a bluff, rocky shore, for a rest; laid the bear skin on snow for a seat, got out the pipe, filled and lighted it, took a whiff or two to make sure it was in good running order, and leaned my back against a rock for a comfortable, lazy smoke. Then for the first time I noticed that I was not alone, but had a strong body-guard of wolves. There were five of the brutes, and they had managed, while I was busy with the pack of furs and the pipe, to edge up within thirty yards of me, where they stood in a watchful, silent huddle, prepared to act as circumstance might dictate; *i. e.*, make a supper off me if the chances were favorable, or run like scared sheep at the first intimation of danger. I smoked on quietly, and they stood guard with laudable steadiness; the only movement among them being when one on the outside would back around and come up in the centre, as being the safest place, I suppose. This state of things might have lasted half an hour or more, when one of them backed out from the crowd a few paces, turned his sharp nose towards the forest, and set up an ear-splitting howl, after which he resumed his place again. There were short, yelping howls from different parts of the forest by way of answer, and then they began to gather. Sneaking out from the dark woods, coming around island points, or suddenly appearing on the moonlit snow, as though they had arisen from the lake like weirdly phantoms, they huddled together, and began working their way slowly towards me.

I counted them as they gathered, and made them out at sixteen—enough to have eaten me to my moccasins had they dared attack me; but I had imbibed my notions of wolves from the Indians, and had just as much fear of them as though they had been so many sheep, knowing perfectly well that one crack of the rifle would scatter them to the four winds. I knew, too, that I had but to drop the rifle, run, and hallo for help, to be torn limb from limb in less time than it would take to tell it. So I quietly rested the gun over my knee, with the muzzle pointing into the pack, and watched them with much interest. There was something comical in the way one of the boldest would push a head and shoulders in advance of the rest, twist his long nose towards me, sniff a moment, and then draw back his lips with a snarl that showed a rather formidable array of teeth, after which, he would back stern foremost into the pack, and another would play the same trick. At every such move they would work a few feet nearer, until, at last, the whole sixteen stood within ten yards of me, and apparently dared come no nearer.

It was the culmination of caution and cowardice, and after waiting for their next movement until my patience was exhausted, and my fingers nearly past feeling with numbness, I ranged the barrel as it lay on my knee, watched carefully for the effect on the brutes, and pulled. I doubt if ever a pack of wolves were more astonished since the days of Nimrod. They had been watching me with hungry, fierce eyes for more than an hour, still fearful of a trap or some trick, from the lone biped who sat like a statue with his back to the rock, with the long suspicious tube on his knee; and when on a sudden, without a warning move or sound, the fire which they so much dread, burst, with a stunning crash in their very faces, the effect was ludicrous in the extreme. They recoiled from the flash, and swayed back in a heap, bumped and ran against each other, snapped and snarled insanely for an instant, and were gone—all save one unfortunate, whose back was broken by the shot. I tomahawked him, shouldered the knapsack, and pursued my way to camp, followed at a distance by the disconcerted brutes, who kept up a most deafening hullabaloo, taking good care to keep out of sight, however.

I have been followed scores of times by the common gray wolf, sometimes in packs of twenty or thirty, but oftener in gangs of half a dozen or less, and I give it as the belief of one who has had more than twenty years' experience in countries where they are particularly numerous, that a bold, fearless man may at any time put a pack of fifty wolves to flight with nothing but a switch in his hand.

Several years after the event narrated above, it happened that an Englishman named Daly (a Canadian voyageur), Pierre Dubois, and myself, were hunting and trapping about the head waters of the upper Muskoka. It was a hard winter for trapping, and we did not get rich at it; but there was a very fair show for sport, of which we made the most, and towards which the gray wolves contributed largely. Pierre had more than an Indian's contempt for them; but the Englishman could not overcome the dread with which their numbers and savage appearance inspired him. It was in vain that we strove to convince him there was no danger to be feared; told him that an unarmed squaw would pack a load of fresh meat for miles with the cowardly brutes at her heels, and not even deign to notice them.

"He knew all that, but he was no squaw—and no coward. The wolves had a spite against him, and always came on his trail in preference to Pierre's or mine. He was sure if they caught him from camp he should be pulled down and eaten on the spot, unless he took to a tree."

So, for three or four weeks, during which all the wolves in the forest seemed to be making our camp their central point, Daly stayed pretty constantly in the cabin.

*Not* so with Pierre or myself, however. The wolves had frightened the deer from our vicinity to such an extent that it was with difficulty we could get a saddle of fresh venison; and we made them pay dearly *for* their impudence. We were obliged to hunt hard and travel far for a supply of decent meat, for Daly and I sickened at the sight and smell of the roasted muskrats—in which the soul of Pierre delighted—whereby it often happened that night overtook us—Pierre and I—a mile or more from camp. At such times, if we had been lucky enough to kill a deer, and consequently were packing fresh meat to camp, the wolves invariably followed us in large droves, coming quite close for the first few days after their sudden irruption in our vicinity, but as we never let an opportunity slip for shooting one, they soon learned to be more respectful; and although they still haunted us and kept the deer away, it became necessary to resort to stratagem for a shot. We killed two or three by pretending alarm, and running for a tree, leaving our rifles lying on the snow.

As we both had good pistols, it was an easy matter to hit a wolf as he gazed greedily at us, or one of us, sitting in a low, scrubby cedar just beyond his reach; but after losing two or three of their number by this ruse, they utterly refused to trust us on any terms.

After that ruse had failed, we tried them by one of us stopping to leeward of the trail, in ambush, while the other went on with the meat, and for a short time this worked well. The wolf is no dunce, however, and it soon became next to impossible to get a shot at one; notwithstanding which they would come to the cabin of a dark night and carry off any piece of leather, old cloth, raw hide, or even an old hat, and Pierre was not a little amused when they succeeded in pulling down and dragging away Daly's best "specimen,"—a noble elk's head with immense horns, which he had fondly hoped to carry in triumph to Rochester as proof of his hunting prowess. We recovered the horns, but they were so mangled as to be worthless, and the head was eaten up, bones and all.

Some four weeks after their appearance in the neighborhood of our camp, they disappeared as suddenly as they came, and for the rest of the season there was hardly a fresh wolf track to be found.

A very different animal is the large black wolf of the Canadian forest; much larger and stronger, besides being a better formed animal, and withal no coward. You cannot get rid of *him* by putting a bold face on the matter and pretending to despise him. I have never seen above three of them together, and they are not numerous, which is a fact in natural history that I should like to see explained, as being the more game and powerful animal of the two, and breeding as fast as the grey wolf, the natural inference would be that he might serve the latter much as the large grey rat serves *his* congener, the black Norwegian, wherever they come in contact.

Once only have I met with so many as three black wolves in company, and they succeeded in giving me a very respectful notion of their game qualities and boldness. It was on the "Old Trail" between the Upper Muskoka and Porcupine Lake, and on the banks of a tributary to the Black River, that I stopped on an afternoon in early May for rest and a smoke, and thereby chanced on something very like an adventure with the brute in question.

I had crossed the stream on a large maple trunk that served as a foot-bridge, laid off the heavy pack, and was busily engaged starting a fire—more for the pleasant look of the cozy blaze than for warmth—when the young Indian dogs, out of which I was trying to frame a still-hunt team, set up a most furious barking and ran into my heels with unmistakeable signs of terror, keeping their eyes fixed steadily on the opposite bank where we had crossed a few minutes before. Knowing the pups were afraid of bear, I thought it likely one might be coming along the trail, and had just seized the rifle on the chance of a possible shot, when three large black wolves came down the bank with a steady lope, and merely pausing a moment for a cursory survey of the chances, the foremost unhesitatingly jumped on the trunk and made for my side of the stream.

To the real backwoodsman, the hunter whose life is mainly passed in the forest, and whose existence may, at any time, hang on the ready use of his rifle, it becomes second nature to see, think, and act simultaneously; whence it happened that I mounted one end of the trunk as he jumped on the other, and we met on the narrow body of the tree face to face. He was a fine-looking animal, as fearless as a bull-dog, and much larger than any wolf I had ever seen. He stared me bravely in the face, as though more than half inclined to go in on sight. I saw at a glance that it was not me they were after, but the two pups, who were grovelling at my heels in an abject fear, and as the black rascals ranged themselves along the trunk, one behind another, as though waiting for me to step out of the way, I was for a moment undecided how to act; then the sharp crack of the rifle rang out shrilly through the deep woods, and the foremost wilted off the trunk into the water. Still no signs of flinching from the two companions; and it was not until I advanced and struck at the nearest with the clubbed rifle, that they slowly made off, turning around for a last, longing look at the terrified pups, before entering a tamarack thicket that hid them from view. Had I been in possession of that best of modern inventions—a revolver—I could have killed all three of them in their tracks with the utmost ease. Many years after this adventure, and when I *was* in possession of a revolver as well as a good double-barreled rifle, I "ran onto" a couple of black wolves who were devouring a fresh-killed deer within a dozen feet of the "Matchadash trail." It was almost sundown, and I was hurrying along the trail, nearly at a running pace, thinking more of reaching the camp ere darkness overtook me than of wolves, when a hoarse, surly growl, short and savage, brought me up all standing. They were in plain sight from the trail, the free passage of which they instantly offered to dispute by marching into it, a little in front of me, with stiffened tails and ears fiercely pricking forward, much after the manner of a surly mastiff disturbed at his food. In an instant, one of them went down with a ball through his tawny head, when, to my utter surprise, his fellow leaped over the fallen wolf, and charged most gamely. It was the first direct, honest charge I had ever seen a wolf make at a man, and the startling suddenness of the thing so completely knocked me off my guard, that it must have been good fortune rather than skill which made the snap shot I sent at him effectual. Thus much for the wolf—an animal that does not properly rank as game, but which has, nevertheless, interested me more, in a rather long hunting career, than any animal whatever.

## MOTTOES ON SUN-DIALS.

Many hundred persons now living must remember the vertical sun-dial with a very remarkable motto, on the front of a building at the Temple, in London. But most of them probably never heard of the curious tradition, probably a true one, respecting the motto. When, a few years ago, the building was taken down and rebuilt, it is likely the benchers were either ignorant of the tradition, or had forgotten it, else they would probably have restored the sun dial with its motto. Perhaps they may even yet be induced to do so. The tradition is this:—That when the sun-dial was put up, the artist inquired whether he should (as was customary) paint a motto under it. The benchers assented; and appointed him to call at the library at a certain day and hour, at which time they would have agreed upon a motto. It appears, however, that they had totally forgotten this; and when the artist or his messenger called at the library at the time appointed, he found no one but a cross-looking old gentleman poring over some musty books. "Please, sir, I am come for the motto for the sun-dial." "What do you want?" was the pettish answer; "why do you disturb me?" "Please, sir, the gentleman told me I was to call at this hour for a motto for the sun-dial." "Begone about your business!" was the testy reply. The man, either by design or by mistake, chose to take this as the answer to his inquiry, and, accordingly, painted in large letters under the dial—"Begone about your business." The benchers, when they saw it, decided that it was very appropriate, and that they would let it stand—chance having done their work for them as well as they could have done it for themselves.

What can be Done by Riflemen.—The battles of Inspruck, of the 29th May and the 12th August, 1807, were fought on the plain before the city. In the former the Bavarians lost 4,000 men, whilst the patriot army had only 87 killed and 156 wounded. In the latter, the French and Bavarians lost 7,000 men, of whom 1,700 were made prisoners, and the rest were left dead upon the field, while the loss to the Tyrolese amounted but to 50 killed and 132 wounded. Such is the execution which can be done with the rifle, even in comparatively open ground, when wielded by brave and skillful marksmen.

☞ A correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator asserts that the only way to make sure of a crop of peaches every year, is by grafting upon the wild plum stalk.

## HE SPEAKS NOT OF THE OLD TIMES.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

He wears a look of gladness
When I linger by his side,
He chides me for my silence,
And the tears I cannot hide;
He knows not whence my sorrow,
Or he deems my heart is free,
For he speaks not of the old times
So very dear to me.

He knows we rowed together,
In the days when we were young,
The same dear home we dwelt in,
The same sweet songs we sung;
But the vow was never spoken,
And it never now will be,
For he speaks not of the old times
So loved, so lost, to me.

His words are kind as ever,
As when first on me he smiled,
But I cannot meet his glances
As I could when but a child;
Yet the love my girlhood gave him
Is cherished still by me,
Though he speaks not of the old times
That I never more may see.

## THE SEWERS OF PARIS.

A correspondent of a Swedish journal furnishes an interesting account of a subterranean voyage made through one of the admirably constructed sewers of Paris. The boat which conveyed the party was reached by descending a flight of steps to a depth of about forty-five feet. The boat, a flat-bottomed affair, was lighted by four lamps. The sewer is in an archway, fifteen feet high, and of equal breadth, with a ditch or canal about ten feet wide, wherein all the dirt and filth of Paris is carried away. On the sides are sidewalks, which, together, are about four feet wide. The whole is built of beautiful white sandstone, and is kept remarkably neat and clean. No stench or bad smell was perceptible. The denser portion of the filth was carried away through large drains beneath the sidewalks. The sidewalks are excellent, and exhibited no signs of dampness; while the walls of the archway are kept whitewashed, and are at all times as white as the driven snow. The structure possesses the properties of an immense speaking tube, the workmen being able to converse at the distance of two miles from each other. The echo is very strong and lasting. The fabric is said to be built after a model of the catacombs of Rome, aided by all the latest improvements. On both sides, at about two hundred yards distant from each other, are openings through which the workmen can ascend by means of permanent iron ladders, in case a sudden rain storm should cause the water to rise over the sidewalks, which is, however, of rare occurrence.

The contents of the sewers, of course, flow into the river Seine, and the current is sufficient to carry the boat used along with considerable velocity. Large reservoirs are constructed at intervals, into which the water can be turned for a short time, in case it should be necessary to have the canal dry for a little while. The whole work was completed in two years. Besides the main canal, there are many minor ones constructed under the principal streets, all of which can be made to communicate with one another. These admirable underground works are accessible from the Louvre, the Tuilleries, and from all the barracks, and, should the Parisians take a notion to barricade the streets in any part of the city, the Imperial Government might, at short notice, and without any person being aware of it, transport troops, and if there is time to make use of the reservoirs, so can cavalry also be transported the same way. There is an end to shooting on the soldiers from the windows, and a revolution in Paris will soon only be remembered among things that have been, never to occur again. Through these underground passages a prisoner can easily be taken from the Louvre to the Seine without attracting attention, and thence sent sent off by railway, which is near at hand.

## PHENOMENA OF GLASS.

That glass resists the action of most acids science has proved; its weight is not diminished by use or age. It is more capable than other substances of receiving the highest degree of polish; if melted several times over, and properly cooled down in the furnace, presenting a polish which almost rivals the diamond in brilliancy.

If it be made into a phial, with the bottom much thicker than the sides, and suddenly cooled in the open air, instead of being tempered in the usual manner, the result on its susceptibility to fracture is most extraordinary. It will bear a heavy blow, or severe pressure, from any blunt instrument, uninjured; but if any hard and angular substance—even so small as a grain of flint, or sharp sand—be dropped into the phial, the bottom will crack all round, and fall off. A small fragment of diamond has been seen to pass through the thick bottom with apparently as little resistance as if it dropped through the web of a spider. Instances have occurred in which one of these phials has been struck by a mallet, with a force sufficient to drive a nail into some descriptions of wood, without causing fracture; while a small fragment of flint, dropped gently into the phial, has cracked the glass to pieces.

A piece of white-hot metal being dropped into cold water, and taking the form of a rounded lump elongated by a tail, is termed a *cracker*. The round part will bear a heavy blow without fracture; but if the least particle of the tail be broken off, the whole flies into innumerable fragments, as fine as powder.

If this glass-drop be placed in a wine-bottle filled with water, and a small portion of the tail broken off, by the aid of a long pair of nippers, the concussion by the explosion (for it is almost similar to an explosion) is so violent as to break the bottle and scatter the water in every direction. All these curious results are owing to a peculiar inequality of the glass, which arises from the sudden cooling to which it is subjected.

☞ A witty man can make a jest, a wise man take one.

## HINTS TO OUR FAIR READERS.

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.

Rosa L——— was the intended of Arthur Pelton, a young man who was thought a good deal of by the ladies of his acquaintance; and when first Rosa secured her conquest, in defiance of all her rivals, her vanity was satisfied. But it was not very long before she wished others besides Arthur to do homage to her beauty.

She had been engaged about three months, when she received an invitation from Mrs. Dalton, a lady who hardly knew anything of Arthur. Rosa might have asked leave to bring him; but she preferred not doing so. She was no longer particularly anxious that the fact of her engagement should be generally known.

It is rather a difficult question how far it is the duty of a young lady who is engaged, to make the circumstance public. Proclaiming it would expose her to the accusation of vanity or indelicacy; while on the other hand, by concealing it altogether, she not only encourages aspirations that can only end in disappointment, but she runs the risk of attracting attentions that may excite her lover's jealousy. Taking all this into consideration, we rather approve of the practice of wearing the engaged ring. As many of our readers are aware, this ring is worn, in England, on the third finger of the right hand; in America, it is worn on the second finger. In fact, our transatlantic cousins make the state of their hearts more public than we do; for, in the United States, if a gentleman wants a wife, he wears a ring on the first finger of the left hand; if he is engaged, he wears it on the second finger; if married, on the third; and if he never intends to marry, he wears a ring on the fourth finger.* But this is a digression, and we must return to the subject of hints to engaged ladies. Well, then, we think they should make their engagement known where there is danger either of encouraging false hopes or of exciting a suitor's jealousy.

Unfortunately, Rosa thought very differently, or, rather, her eagerness to attract attention prevented her thinking at all.

No one who saw her laughing and flirting with young William Dalton, could have supposed that she was engaged to be married to another; but Mrs. Dalton strongly suspected it, and she felt very anxious for her son. She greatly regretted having invited Rosa to this merry-making, given in honor of her son William's return from abroad after a long absence in the merchant service.

When all the guests had left, Mrs. Dalton had an interview with her son. She told him what were her convictions about Rosa; but William was sure his mother was mistaken, and informed her that, from some observations made by the young lady, he felt certain she was free. She had actually told him that she was so. Then followed the young sailor's confession, that, with the promptness for action belonging to his calling, he had, on parting with Rosa, slipped into her hand a declaration of his love, and an offer of marriage.

Rosa's vanity was highly gratified by the conquest she had made, but she had no idea of giving up such a good match as Arthur Pelton, to marry a sailor who had yet his fortune to make.

Rosa generally assisted in waiting on her father's customers, but she was so puzzled by her own private affairs, that everything in the shop bewildered her; so she left it, and sat down in the back parlor to collect her thoughts.

She had not been there long, when Arthur Pelton called to ask how she was, and whether she had enjoyed herself on the previous evening. Rosa was absent in manner, silent, and, to say the truth, her company was anything but agreeable. Arthur thought she might be anxious to return to the customers, so he said he would not detain her, but begged she would let him have a book he had lent her some months back. This book happened to be on the table, so he took it up and wished her good-by. But judge of his feelings when, on opening it, William's declaration of love (written in very large characters,) dropped from between the leaves. Rosa, in her absence of mind, had inadvertently put it into the book.

Not doubting that the young sailor knew of his engagement, Arthur rushed to his house, determined to call him to account. Luckily, William was not at home, but his mother saw the agitated inquirer, and with her wits sharpened by maternal anxiety, she soon guessed the whole truth. She insisted on Arthur's stepping into the parlor, adroitly turned the conversation on Rosa, and then frankly told her young visitor her suspicions, and as frankly related all that had occurred the night before.

Arthur's feelings underwent a complete revolution. He could not see that William had been in the least to blame, but his confidence in Rosa was destroyed for ever. He begged Mrs. Dalton to favor him with writing materials, and in a few minutes he wrote the following lines, which he submitted to Mrs. Dalton for her perusal. His note was short, and ran thus:—

"As you are ashamed to acknowledge your engagement to me, I free you from it. When I tell you that William Dalton's proposal to you fell by chance into my hands, and that I am now writing to you with his mother by my side, you will require no further explanation from me."

Rosa's feelings, on the receipt of this note, can be more easily imagined than described; but she had no right to complain; and as she was pretty well known for a vain coquette, no one pitied her. Her sailor lover was most indignant with her when he learnt the facts of the case, and he let her know that he did not consider himself in any way bound by an offer made under a false impression.

Thus Rosa, by too eager a grasp, lost everything. Disappointed, despised, and mortified, she sank into low spirits, and deprived of almost all her powers of attraction, though so long "about to marry," she never was married.

* This will be news to American readers.—*Editor of the Post.*

## THE VALUE OF A WIFE.

The late Sir William Napier's "History of the War in the Peninsula," has passed through several editions, and is now a standard work. Of all the wars in which Great Britain has been engaged, that war of six years was the most important, difficult, and expensive, and Sir William's History is worthy of the transactions it records, and the skill and heroism it celebrates. Perhaps no military work of equal excellence has ever been written. It cost the author sixteen years of continuous labor.

He was himself a witness of several of the series of operations, and was engaged in many of the battles. His wide acquaintance with military men enabled him to consult many distinguished officers, English and French, and he was especially supplied with materials and documents by the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Soult. The ordinary sources of information were embarrassing from their abundance. One mass of materials deserves especial mention.

When Joseph Bonaparte fled from Vittoria, he left behind him a very large collection of letters, which, however, were without order, in three languages, many almost illegible, and the most important in cypher, of which there was no key. It was the correspondence of Joseph Bonaparte while nominally King of Spain. Sir William was in a state of perplexity, and almost in despair of being able to make any use of these valuable materials, when his wife undertook to arrange the letters according to dates and subject, to make a table of references, and to translate and epitomize the contents of each.

Many of the most important documents were entirely in cypher; of some letters about one-half was in cypher, and others had a few words so written interspersed. All these documents and letters Lady Napier arranged, and with rare sagacity and patience she decyphered the secret writing. The entire correspondence was then made available for the historian's purpose. She also made out all Sir William Napier's rough interlined manuscripts, which were almost illegible to himself, and wrote out the whole work fair for the printers—it may be said three times, so frequent were the changes made.

Sir William mentions these facts in the preface to the edition of 1851, and in paying this tribute to Lady Napier, observes that this amount of labor was accomplished without her having for a moment neglected the care and education of a large family.

## DO INSECTS FEEL PAIN?

Mr. W. S. Coleman has just published a work on "British Butterflies," in which he expresses his sincere belief that *insects do not feel pain*. He affirms that this conviction is founded on an ample mass of evidence, on observations and experiments, and strengthened by analogical reasoning. He mentions that insects, when mutilated in a way that would cause excessive pain and speedy death to vertebrate animals, afterwards perform all the functions of life—eating, drinking, &c., with the same evident gusto and power of enjoyment as before. Plenty of striking instances of this are on record, and, as an example, Mr. Coleman states that he has seen a wasp that had been cut in two, afterwards regale himself with avidity upon some syrup, which, as he imbibed, gathered into a large, ruby bead just behind the wings (where the stomach should have been;) but really the creature's pleasure seemed to be only augmented by the change in his anatomy, because he could drink ten times his ordinary fill of sweets, without, of course, getting any the fuller. We can almost fancy the scientific epicure envying the insect his ever fresh appetite and gastronomic capabilities. If the above theory of the British Naturalist is correct, the familiar words of Shakespeare's Isabella, in "Measure for Measure," are not true:—

——The poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Why Children Die.—The reason why children die is because they are not taken care of. From the day of their birth they are stuffed with food, choked with physic, sloshed with water, suffocated in hot rooms, steamed in bed-clothes. So much for indoors. When permitted to breathe a breath of air once a week in summer, and once or twice during the coldest months, only the nose is permitted to peer into daylight. A little later they are sent out with no clothes at all, as to the parts of the body which most need protection. Bare legs, bare arms, bare necks, girted middles, with an inverted umbrella to collect the air and chill the other parts of the body. A stout, strong man goes out on a cold day with gloves and over-coat, woolen stockings, and thick double-soled boots, with cork between, and rubbers over. The same day a child of three years old, an infant in flesh and blood, and bone and constitution, goes out with soles as thin as paper, cotton socks, legs uncovered to the knees, neck bare; and exposure which would disable the nurse, kill the mother in a fortnight, and make the father an invalid for weeks. And why? To harden them to a mode of dress which they are never expected to practice. To accustom them to exposure, which a dozen years later would be considered downright foolery. To rear children thus for the slaughter-pen, and then lay it to the Lord, is too bad.—*American Journal of Health.*

Men who Should Not Emigrate.—Mr. Forster, a member of the Australian Legislature, delivered a lecture at Newcastle-on-Tyne a few days ago, in which he said:—"To enable a man to get on in the colonies requires greater care and perseverance than in the old country; because here he has only to move in the old path, but in a new country he has to cut a path for himself. There are at present many lamentable instances of persons going out, hoping somehow to fall on their feet. They had never done any good in their own land, yet they thought in other lands, amongst new companions, and in circumstances of which they knew nothing, they might possibly find a ready road to wealth. It would be an act of kindness to warn such persons that they had very little chance in Australia. On some sheep stations graduates of Oxford and Cambridge might be found composing hexameters over a frying-pan."

## THE BRIDAL VEIL.

We're married, they say, and you think you have won me—
Well, take this white veil from my head, and look on me;
Here's matter to vex you, and matter to grieve you;
Here's doubt to distrust you, and faith to believe you—
I am all as you see—common earth, common dew!
Be wary, and mould me to roses, not rue!

Ah! shake out the slimy thing fold after fold,
And see if you have me to keep and to hold;
Look close on my heart—see the worst of its sinning—
It is not yours to-day for the yesterday's winning!
The past is not mine—I am too proud to borrow—
You must grow to new heights if I love you to-morrow.

We're married! I'm plighted to hold up your praises
As the turf at your feet does its handful of daisies;
That way lies my honor—my pathway of pride;—
But mark you! if greener grass grow either side
I shall know it; and keeping in body with you,
Shall walk in my spirit with feet on the dew!

We're married! Oh, pray that our love do not fail!
I have wings flattened down and hid under my veil;
They are subtle as light—you can never undo them;
And swift in their flight—you can never pursue them;
And spite of all clasping, and spite of all bands,
I can slip like a shadow—a dream—from your hands.

Nay! call me not cruel, and fear not to take me;
I am yours for my life-time to be what you make me—
To wear my white veil for a sign or a cover—
As you shall be proven my lord or my lover—
A cover for peace that is dead, or a token
Of bliss that can never be written or spoken.

## $500 PRIZE STORY.

# DANESBURY HOUSE.

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

Author of "The Earl's Daughters," "The Red Court Farm," &c.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### A MAD ACT.

An all-important dinner was this dinner at the Star and Garter at Richmond, its anticipation having kept the partakers of it in town, longer than they would otherwise have remained. It was the settlement of a bet, which Lord Sandlin had lost to Sir Robert Payn. Of the twelve to assemble, one had been kept away by a death, and Lord Temple was invited to supply his place. They were all of the species denominated "fast," and not one, but was a tolerably hard drinker. Had Lord Temple been solicited to join these men in a midnight revel, he might now possibly have declined, from fear of contagion, but to refuse, on that score, the dining with them in open daylight; never entered his mind. It was a splendid feast, both as to wines and viands, and they all ate and drank well, save one, and that one was—not Lord Temple.

It was Sir Robert Payn. He was suffering from illness, and took scarcely anything. The rest drank deeply; deeply even for them. After dinner (because they had not taken enough,) they began upon cigars and punch and brandy, in short, upon anything that their hot throats fancied, and when they started for London they were gloriously uproarious, and terrified quiet dwellings as they passed, by their noisy shouting.

Lord Temple had some very slight sense left in him, and told Earl Sandlin's groom, who then had the reins, to drive to his house. The earl whispered a contrary order, and the man of course obeyed his master. Lord Temple subsided into sleep; and, when he woke, he was stumbling up some stairs. He soon saw, though imperfectly, where he was: at the gaming house in St. James's Street. Some half-dozen of the diners had agreed to resort thither, Lord Sandlin was one, and he had carried his friend with him.

"I must go home, Sandlin," hiccuped Lord Temple. "My wife is alone. I told you she'd be home early."

"She is not alone," returned the earl. "I sent to ask, and they said she was stopping for the night where she went to dinner."

"No!" uttered Lord Temple.

"Fact," stuttered the earl. "She stopped because she did not expect you back."

Of course this was an impromptu invention of the earl's; but Lord Temple, perfectly truthful himself, and most imperfectly in his faculties, took it in. Down he sat on a sofa. Somebody mixed him a glass of brandy and water. He drank it mechanically, simply because it was put into his hands, and in five minutes was asleep again. The others were helping themselves to brandy and water.

It was not very clear how long he remained there. Two or three hours. The room was in an uproar the whole of the time: laughing, talking, drinking, gambling, stupifying, and sleeping. Some went in, some went out; and Lord Temple slept through it.

He was aroused by some one roughly awaking him. He got his eyes open, after a struggle, his senses partially so, and looked up. It was Major Anketel. Lord Temple rose into a standing posture, cast aside the major's help with unmistakable scorn, and steadied himself on the arm of the sofa.

"S—S—Sandlin, is the cab—cab waiting? I'm going."

"Sit down again," said Lord Sandlin, "and don't bother."

"I—I—I'm going, I tell you, Sandlin. I can't sit down with blacklegs. There's one in the room." His lordship would probably have said "two," but his eye had not yet caught sight of Swallowtail.

A consternation. All turned round to gaze.

"You are dreaming," observed Lord Sandlin.

"Come along," said Major Anketel, in a coaxing tone, as he laid hold of Lord Temple. "I'll give you a hand at—"

"Off, sir!" shouted Lord Temple, livid with scorn and rage, in the midst of his brain's confusion, "how dare you touch me? Gentlemen," he stuttered, "this man, whom we have suffered so long to associate with us, is a cheat and a swindler, a man to herd with rogues and felons. He gets his living by his tricks, and we suffer. Off, I say, fellow! Do not presume to touch me: I am a peer of the realm."

Poor Lord Temple! had he been sober, he would have contented himself with walking out of the room as Major Anketel walked into it. Certainly he never would have said the half or the quarter of what he did say, but for the demon he had imbibed into him: *that* spoke; he did not. What followed, none of them could have told distinctly afterwards: Anketel gave Lord Temple the lie, and the room was a Bedlam; shouts, oaths, questions. Some espoused Lord Temple's part, one or two Major Anketel's. Lord Sandlin, thinking, as he said afterwards, that the viscount had got a sudden attack of brain fever, dashed over his head a large decanter of water. As if feeling that water was what he wanted, Lord Temple seized another decanter, and drank glass after glass of it. And this partially sobered him.

What was to be done?

He must either make good his charges, or go out with Major Anketel.

No, he would not. He, Lord Temple, go out with a blackleg!

"Will you go out with me?" cried Colonel Groves. "I espouse Anketel's quarrel. I am no blackleg."

As he spoke, he struck Lord Temple on the cheek; his fist was keen, and the blood trickled down. The colonel was a close and intimate friend of Anketel's. "Birds of a feather flock together." Not very long after this period, the two were caught out in a disreputable transaction—and then people remembered the words of Viscount Temple.

A hostile meeting was hastily arranged: they would go out with the first glimmer of the dawn, and fight it out, Sir Robert Payn was the only one cool enough to raise his remonstrance against it. Duels were no longer "in," he said, they had been put down by public opinion. Let them stop till to-morrow, when they should be calm, and no doubt Temple's words would be explained away. He was drunk, and not responsible for what he said. Would they go out like madmen, and shoot each other to blazes? Nobody did it now, but French students at St. Cyr, or Austrian gamblers.

Sir Robert Payn's words were wasted, his advice unheeded. All around were little better than what he said, madmen: their blood was fired. Earl Sandlin proposed to second Lord Temple; and the Honorable George Eden, Col. Groves.

It was carried out. With the gray break of early morning, they started: Lord Sandlin driving his friend, and somebody else driving Colonel Groves. Others followed in the rear; not many. Eager, frantic, as they had all been in urging it on, they were too wary to expose themselves to consequences, even as spectators.

Earl Sandlin had, first of all, proceeded to his home, Lord Temple with him. There the former got his pistols, and each drank a cup of coffee, black with strength. The French call it *café noir*. As they were starting off in the dog-cart, Lord Sandlin exclaimed that they must take a surgeon.

"We shan't find one at this hour," cried Lord Temple, who was now three parts sobered. "Don't wait; let's get it over." It is probable that he would be glad to escape it now, for his wife's sake; but no possibility of escape presented itself; no alternative.

"I know a man who will do," returned the earl, "and we shall pass his rooms. He used to be attached to the ——— regiment."

A little further, the earl pulled up. It was the place he spoke of. A loud alarum was sounded on the night bell, which brought forth a face in a nightcap at the second floor window.

"There he is; I could swear to him by his gray whiskers. Hallon, Moore! put that window up."

Accordingly the window was put up, and the gray whiskers and the nightcap looked out.

"What's the matter, my lord?" was the demand, in a strong Irish accent.

"Dress yourself in a brace of shakes, and come down and see. A five-guinea job. Now don't be an hour. He'd sell his mother for half-a-crown," added the earl to Lord Temple, "so he won't wait to shave. He's often hard-up for a sixpence: clever in his profession, but drinks like a fish. I say, Temple! shaking?"

"I am as cold as charity," explained Lord Temple. "The dawn is keen."

No more was said; at least by Lord Temple. The surgeon came out, took his seat by the side of the servant, and kept up a running fire of conversation with Lord Sandlin, as they sat back to back. The earl appeared to feel no more the awful nature of the errand they were bent on, than he would the going to a wedding: he was not of the feeling sort. What Lord Temple's reflections were, we cannot tell: but certainly not pleasant ones.

When the party had discussed the place of meeting, some proposed one place, some another. One suggested Scotland; another, France; another, Chalk Farm. Finally, Battersea Fields was decided on, Georgy Eden indicating a spot there "snug and safe." To Battersea Fields, therefore, Lord Sandlin drove, and found the others were there before him. They had brought another surgeon. No time was lost; the ground was chosen and measured; and while Lord Sandlin and Mr. Eden were conferring together, Viscount Temple looked round at the assembled faces. His eye rested on Sir Robert Payn's—on its severe expression, betraying discontent at the whole proceedings. He went up to him, and drew him aside.

"Payn, if I fall, will you undertake to break it to my wife? You will render me that service?"

"Yes. I hope it will not be necessary. This has no business to take place, Temple. It was in my mind, on the way down, to look out for a policeman, and have you all taken into custody. You were a fool to get into this for that beggar Anketel. But you had no right to say what you did."

"I do not remember what I did say; I was half asleep and half stupid; but I was enraged at the fellow's presuming to touch me. Whatever I may have said, let it be as bad as it will, he deserves it. Mind, Payn, I reiterate it, though they may be nearly the last words I utter; he is a gambler, in the worse sense of the term, and a black-leg, and Swallowtail is his confederate; and I have, unfortunately, good cause for the assertion."

"This may be so," returned Sir Robert; "but life is life, and yours ought not to be risked for them. There was no call whatever for your coming out; the age for duelling is over. It is not demanded, now, that a man should stand to be shot at. Anketel might have brought an action against you."

"I should not have come out with Anketel. Groves is different. And he struck me."

"You might have struck again. I should; and pummelled him till his chivalry was out of him. What need had he to take up other men's quarrels? Groves has the character for being a crack shot."

"Well—if I fall, you will soften the news, in the telling, to Lady Temple. Do not let her know the worst at once, Payn. It will break her heart, I fear, when she does know it."

"And if it turns out the other way, and you despatch Groves, shall you make yourself scarce for a time? Or, you may both fall."

"Both cannot fall," said Lord Temple. "I shall fire in the air."

"What!"

"I shall. I have no quarrel with him; and if I am to be sent out of the world myself, I will not go with murder on my hand."

"If there were time, I'd fetch a policeman," muttered Sir Robert to himself.

But there was not time. The antagonists were immediately placed, and the pistols fired. Colonel Groves's as surely as if he had taken aim—Lord Temple's in the air. Lord Temple fell.

The ball had entered his chest. The blood was welling out, and he lay as one dead. Col. Groves, his second, and one or two more, disappeared. They probably deemed he was dead, and they hastened to secure their own safety.

But Lord Temple was not gone; and the pulling him about by the surgeons awoke him to consciousness. They were both skillful men, and extracted the ball on the spot. The lovely morning sun was looking on them from the horizon, as they dressed the wound.

"Now, there are only two things to fear," cried Moore, when it was over; "one, is internal hemorrhage; the other, is the shock to the system. I don't think we shall have to look out for either. I believe he'll do well. Where's he to be moved to?"

Lord Temple opened his eyes.

"Home."

"Too far, my lord."

"Home, home," he repeated; and the words, though faint, were eagerly uttered.

"It may be done with care," interrupted the other surgeon. "His mind seems set upon it."

Lord Temple made a movement as if he would have raised his head, and his eyes sought Sir Robert Payn's. The latter read their anxious expression. He leaned over him.

"I understand," he said. "I'll be off at once. Keep your mind easy. By the time you arrive at home, she will be expecting you. This will be all right, I can see; only keep tranquil."

Sir Robert Payn drove leisurely to Lady Temple's; he did not hurry, for he thought she would not be up, and did not care to disturb her earlier than was needful.

Lady Temple had not been in bed. Full of consternation, then of alarm, she had waited, hour after hour, for her husband's return. Now, pacing the room with uneven steps; now, leaning from the window, looking out for him in vain; now, giving way to all the terrors or imaginative fear. With the grey dawn, just as *they* were starting on their sinful expedition, she dropped into a sleep in her bedroom, kneeling on the floor, her head resting on the sofa. The entrance of her maid aroused her, and she started up, alive with painful recollection.

"A gentleman is below, my lady, and wishes particularly to see you. He bade me give you this card."

Sir Robert Payn's. On it, was written in pencil,—

"I am deeply sorry to disturb Lady Temple at this hour, but have brought a message to her from Lord Temple."

Isabel glanced at the glass. To smooth her hair and her cap was the work of an instant; and she shook out the flounces of her black silk dress, and went down with quivering lips and a sinking heart. She had never seen Sir Robert Payn, and Sir Robert Payn had never seen her; but ceremony, in these sterner hours of life, is forgotten.

She went up to him; she clasped his arm in her agony of suspense; her eager eyes were strained imploringly upon him, her pale lips drawn back. Sir Robert was grieved to see her—to witness her emotion; and he also saw that it was especially necessary he should be cautious not to alarm her more than was possible.

"What have you to tell me?" she murmured; "what is it that has happened?"

"Dear Lady Temple," he said feelingly, leading her to an arm chair, and placing her in it, "it is not so bad as you are fearing. Compose yourself. A slight accident has happened to Lord Temple; but you need not fear."

"I have never been in bed all night," she returned; "I have passed it watching, in the agony of suspense. Let me know the worst. Indeed, I can bear it; it will be less painful than the fears which have haunted me."

He hardly knew how to tell her; yet told she must be, for her wounded husband was even then on his road home. He got through the task pretty well; making light of it. A mere flesh wound, he said.

She sat back in the chair, her head resting on it, her hands clasped on her chest, as if to still its heavings, and her face the hue of the grave.

"To fight a duel! to go out to fight a duel!" she wailed, in a low tone. "How could he be guilty of it? How could he be so led away?"

"I will go and watch for them, and come in with him," said Sir Robert; "perhaps I may be of use. You will calm yourself before him, Lady Temple; it is absolutely necessary. Were you to excite him, I cannot answer for the consequences."

"Yes, I will; I will control myself. Can you doubt it? But it is hard to bear."

"Can I do anything for you?—summon any of your friends?"

A sudden thought struck her; she looked up.

"If my brother could be got here, it would be a comfort to me, and I know it would be to my husband. The telegraph would apprise him."

"Give me the address," said Sir Robert. "I will despatch a message instantly."

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The Danesbury family were at breakfast that same morning, when Mrs. Danesbury happened to raise her head.

"Who is this coming to the house?" she exclaimed. "A man in a blue-and-red cap. He has got on a sort of uniform."

Arthur leaned forward and looked out. "It is a porter from the telegraph office," he observed. "He must be bringing a message."

"About that iron, no doubt," cried Mr. Danesbury. "But why do they send here, instead of to the factory?"

The servant entered with a despatch in his hand, and handed it according to its address—"Arthur Danesbury, Esq., Danesbury House, Eastborough."

"Now, I wonder what this is?" thought Arthur, as he rose. He signed the paper, and then went to the window to open the despatch, his back turned to the breakfast table. An unpleasant fear had crossed his mind that something was amiss with Robert. From fears of some kind or other, relating to Robert, he was rarely free.

London, 8 o'clock, A. M.

"Sir Robert Payn to Arthur Danesbury, Esquire.

"An accident has happened to Lord Temple. Lady Temple wishes for you here. Lose no time."

"What in the world is it, Arthur?" called out William. "You are a long while studying it."

Arthur turned round, as if in amaze, keeping the despatch in his closed hand. Mr. Danesbury looked at him.

"It is unpleasant news, sir. Something is—"

"Unpleasant news!" shrieked out Mrs. Danesbury. "Robert is ill! I know he is, or else the regiment is ordered abroad!"

"It is nothing about Robert," answered Arthur to Mrs. Danesbury, again turning to address his father. "Something is amiss with Lord Temple. They wish me to go up."

"Does he telegraph?" asked Mr. Danesbury.

"He does not. Sir Robert Payn sends. There it is," he added, handing the ominous words to his father, now that he had, in a degree, prepared him.

"What can it be?" uttered Mr. Danesbury, in concern. "You will lose no time, of course, Arthur."

"I shall start immediately by the express train."

When Arthur reached town, he made the very best speed to Lord Temple's that a London cab could make. Sir Robert Payn was leaving the house, when he saw a cab stop there, and a remarkably noble-looking man, with fine fair features, and blue eyes that quite fixed attention by their intelligent beauty, alight from it. Sir Robert guessed who it was, and met him.

"I have the pleasure," he said, "of receiving Mr. Arthur Danesbury. You have lost no time in obeying my telegraphic summons. This is a shocking business."

"What is it?" inquired Arthur, knowing then that he spoke to Sir Robert Payn. "What has happened to Lord Temple?"

"He has been wounded in a duel. I trust we may not have to say killed. But symptoms, I hear, are less favorable than they were earlier in the day."

"A duel!" uttered Arthur, doubting whether he heard aright. "A duel, did you say?"

"With Colonel Groves," returned Sir Robert. "A dispute occurred in the night, in a house where they were, and they went out at daybreak and fought."

"A duel!" Arthur could not hold repeating, unable to realize the extraordinary tidings. "Could Lord Temple have been in his senses?"

"Only partially so. He had taken too much wine. They all had, and there was a regular drunken brawl. Groves was cool and sober. He had not been of the drinking party."

"How is my sister? Do you know how she bears it?"

"Poor lady! my heart aches for her. She told me this morning that she would be calm before her husband."

Arthur went in, and in a few minutes was standing over the bed. Lord Temple lay on it panting, his sad, repentant eyes gazing upwards. His wife's hand was in his, but he loosed it for a minute to grasp Arthur's.

"Perfect quiet," whispered Isabel, as a caution to her brother—"perfect quiet. The medical men say it is the only chance."

"That I had been like you, Arthur," he breathed—"that I had been like you, a water drinker!"

Lady Temple leaned over him, the tears falling. "Reginald, you know you must be silent."

"Had I not been full of wine, this would never have occurred," he continued, unheeding the injunction. "Arthur, if I get well I will forswear drink forever."

"Be silent now," whispered Arthur, "that you may get well."

"Ay, ay; and, by God's help, redeem the past!"

Then he lay without speaking, and they sat by him in silence. In a little while the medical men came in, two of the most eminent surgeons in London. Arthur followed them from the room when they went out again.

"Is there any chance of his life?" he inquired. "I beg you will tell me. I am the brother of Lady Temple."

"The chances are slight," was the answer. "We fear internal hemorrhage."

The day went on to the evening, and the ebbing of Viscount Temple's life went on with it. The doctors were in and out at intervals, but they could do nothing. Isabel had been reading to him out of St. John's Gospel, and he had listened with closed eyes and folded hands. When it grew dark, one of the attendants entered with a light, placed it on a table, and went out again.

"No—no," faintly cried Lord Temple.

His wife thought he meant to object to the light, as no doubt he did, and she took it herself from the room. In that moment he put out his hand. Arthur understood the movement, and bent over him.

"I—am—going, Arthur. I feel it. *Oh, my wasted life!* Thus to be cut off in its midst! Arthur, you will take care of her and of her child. I leave them to you. If it be a boy, tell him his father's fate, that it may be a warning."

Arthur Danesbury did not answer, save by a deep pressure of the hand. It said all. His sister returned, and he moved lower, to give her her place by her husband. Lord Temple drew her face down that it might rest on his.

"Isabel, my darling! it is nearly over."

She would not scream; she did not faint; but her heart beat wildly with the sickness of despair, and a cold perspiration broke out over her head and face.

"May we meet again!" he continued, but so low that she could scarcely catch the words. "All day long have I been inwardly praying that time here might be prolonged to me. But it will not be. May my sins be forgiven me! My wasted life! Christ died for sinners."

"Ay, for all; for you and for me," she murmured forth from her aching heart. "Reginald, how shall I live without you? Can I live?"

"For our child—live for our child. And, Isabel, let it be a water drinker. It is my last charge to you."

She turned her face aside, to hide its welling tears, but her husband drew it again to his, and kept it there. Oh! that last embrace between two young, loving hearts? Reader, may you never have cause to give, or receive it! When the doctors next came in, a light was brought.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed one of them, under his breath.

"Take her away, sir," he whispered to Arthur. "Her face is resting on the dead."

Isabel heard—raised her head—saw—comprehended. And, with a wild cry, she let it fall again on the pillow beside him.

"Oh, Reginald! Reginald!"

All around Lord Temple's bed believed that he had gone. Lady Temple was taken from the room in the belief, Arthur quitted it in the belief, the surgeons remained for some minutes in the belief; and it was only when the nurse came forward to commence what was necessary to be done, that a doubt arose. So prostrated was his state, so death-like his condition, that they held a looking-glass to his lips, and by that means alone found that he still breathed. Thus he lay for some time; but, whether the inward hemorrhage had stopped, or that his constitution rallied, certain it is, a slight improvement began to be visible. From that time, his progress, though very slow, was gradual. And Lord Temple did not die.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### A GRACELESS SON, AND AN EVENING IN A PALACE.

The following year was waning to its close, when certain unpleasant doubts and rumors which had reached Eastborough, as to the further misdoings of Robert, Lieutenant Danesbury, reached their climax. But, it may be better to relate, first, certain changes, touching William and Lionel.

William Danesbury had married. As it had been at Danesbury House, the night the scene took place relative to the chess, so it continued, Mrs. Danesbury rendering the young men's home unpleasant to them, in fact, driving them from it. William, probably with a worthy motive, that of keeping from temptation, for which self-endeavor all honors should be accorded him, took to spend his evenings, or most of them, at his Aunt Philip's, and an attachment arose between him and Anna Heber. Mrs. Philip was made a confidant of, by William, and she was the first to speak to Mr. Danesbury, and urge the marriage. She believed it might be the saving of William. Anna knew of the failing to which he was inclined, and she was willing to risk it. Mr. Danesbury acquiesced with pleasure; his only objection was, that in the altered state of their finances, and under the great demands of Robert, but a small income could be allowed them, three or four hundred a year. That should not hinder it, Mrs. Philip generously said: she had saved money, and would settle equivalent to two hundred a year upon Anna. Thus matters were arranged; a house was taken and furnished, and William married.

But what of Lionel? Why, Lionel was living at home. Lionel had fondly anticipated the setting up in London, but by the time Lionel was a qualified surgeon, his intemperate habits had become so confirmed, that Mr. Danesbury did not dare to sanction his doing so. He judged—and very rightly—that Eastborough would be better for him than London; at Eastborough he would have a home, in London he had none; and Mr. Danesbury began casting his thoughts about, to make arrangements. Mr. Pratt was looking out for a partner, a man younger than himself, who would take the hardest of the work, and Mr. Danesbury proposed Lionel. Lionel, at first—I use his own expressive phrase, not mine—kicked at it; but his father pointed out to him how necessary it was that he should, if possible, regain steady habits, and, when that was done, he could take his degree as physician, and establish himself in London. Lionel could not help being struck with the good sense of the proposition, when he had allowed himself to digest it, and at length cheerfully acquiesced. It was not a bad plan, after all, he remarked, for he should be gaining ten times more experience with old Pratt, than he would at first in London. So Lionel joined Mr. Pratt, making his home at Danesbury House.

Robert came down to the marriage of his brother William, and took the opportunity to press for more money for his extravagances, but Mr. Danesbury refused to supply it. He could no longer afford to do it, and peremptorily informed Robert that he must make his allowance and his pay—not a despicable income—suffice for the future. Robert returned to town; and there—and there—the infatuated man put false bills in circulation and obtained the proceeds, forging his father's business signature, "John Danesbury & Sons," and making them payable at their London banking house, Robarts, Curtis & Co.

The news came upon Mr. Danesbury like a thunderbolt. What he would be called upon to make good and save exposure, unless he suffered Robert to be prosecuted as a felon, amounted to a thousand pounds; but it was not the loss of the money that crushed him. The facts stood out, broad and hideous; a son of his had committed a crime for which he was liable to nearly the worst punishment of the law; but a few years previous, it would have been the worst. Many a man, for a far less offence in amount than this, had heard the awful sentence passed upon him, that he should be hanaged by the neck until he was dead.

"Father," asked Arthur, when the first shock was over, "what is to be done?"

"The sorrows of my old age are telling upon me," wailed Mr. Danesbury, in a husky tone. "May they not become too heavy for me to bear!"

"We must seek out Robert."

"Seek him out and bring him home. I question if he will allow you readily to find him."

"Bring him home, did you say?" returned Arthur.

"What else can be done with him?" asked Mr. Danesbury. "He cannot remain in the army to disgrace it. Were this to come out, think what his position would be, with his brother officers! He must come home, Arthur. He may not be left amidst the evils of that great city—he might ruin himself and ruin us."

"I had better go to London at once, and see what I can do."

"Yes. Act as circumstances shall require. Do the best you can. I give you full authority. When you have arranged about his commission, bring him home."

"He may not be willing to come."

"He must come. Use any means. Threats of consequences, if persuasions fail. I was always against his joining the army: I knew it would lead to a life of idleness, probably of vice. It has done both."

Arthur Danesbury proceeded to London. His first visit was to Roberts's, in Lombard street: from thence he proceeded to the West End, to Robert's old lodgings. The people said Lieutenant Danesbury had left them some time, and they did not know where he now lived. Arthur expected this would be the probable answer, and he drove to the quarters of his regiment. Colonel Neeve stood at the entrance as Arthur was about to enter: they had a slight knowledge of each other, and shook hands.

"I am in search of my brother," said Arthur. "Does he happen to be here?"

"Here!" exclaimed Colonel Neeve. "No. He has never once condescended to pay us a visit since he left."

A puzzling speech to Arthur. "Is he absent?" he inquired.

"Absent from where?" asked the colonel. "From London?"

"From his duty?"

Colonel Neeve looked equally puzzled, and the two stood for a moment gazing at each other.

"I have come to London to see Robert," explained Arthur, "but the people, where he used to lodge, tell me he has left, so I came on here, hoping to catch him. Will he be at the mess this evening?"

"Is it possible you do not know that your brother has quitted the regiment?" exclaimed Colonel Neeve, in a tone of astonishment.

"Quitted the regiment!"

"He has sold out, this two months past."

Arthur Danesbury was perfectly confounded. He was quite unprepared for the intelligence. "What could have been his motive?" he resumed.

"Why, the fact is, he could scarcely do otherwise," cried the colonel, dropping his voice to a confidential tone. "He was over head and ears in debt, and went in bodily fear of arrest. He wanted the proceeds of his commission to clear himself. Supplies from home were stopped, he said."

"He had been supplied too extensively from home," was the pained answer of Arthur. "Another year or two of his extravagance would have ruined us. When he was last down, I believe my father warned him that in future he would receive no more than his allowance."

"Ay, that's just what I understood. Lieutenant Danesbury was awfully fast; there's no denying it."

"And he has really sold out! And probably spent the money."

"That he has spent it, you may be sure of. How is it, you did not see it in the Gazette?"

"That portion of the Gazette does not interest us much, and often goes unread," replied Arthur. "Can you tell me where to look for him?"

"I am sorry that I cannot. He has never been here since. I have met him once or twice in an evening, but not very lately."

Arthur wished Colonel Neeve good-day, and left. He was at a loss what to do. It was absolutely necessary that he should find Robert; not only to get him away from London and prevent further mischief, but to ascertain whether he had placed other false bills in circulation. He bent his steps to Bedford Row, and inquired of Mr. St. George if he knew anything of him.

"Not I," was Mr. St. George's answer. "I expect he is after no good. You astonish me by saying his family were left in ignorance of his selling-out. I saw the announcement in the Gazette."

"I am very uneasy," observed Arthur, "I must see him."

"Did you come to town to see him?"

"Yes. I—" Arthur hesitated. But he found it would be better to tell the whole truth to Mr. St. George, and he disclosed the sad tale, with shame.

"He is a wicked scamp," was the indignant comment of Mr. St. George.

"Sold out of the army, and entered on evil courses!" uttered Arthur. "What is to be his end?"

"Not 'entered' on them," said Mr. St. George. "Lieutenant Danesbury has been deep in them a long while. The kindest thing, to him, would be to prosecute. It would keep him from further crime."

"Impossible to prosecute him," returned Arthur; "it would bring public disgrace on us all, and sully the name of Danesbury."

"Well, I suppose it would not do. What a curse drink is, all over the world! It is that which has ruined Robert."

"Can you give me any track by which I may trace him out? You are so much better acquainted with the ways of London than I am."

Mr. St. George mused.

"I wonder whether Pratt may not know something of him. He used to meet him sometimes in his night haunts."

"What Pratt?" inquired Arthur.

"That drunken son of Pratt's of Eastborough. There's another fine fellow ruined! He was made for better things than to lead a sinful life."

"He has been a great trouble to his father," remarked Arthur. "How does he get his living? Our old friend never speaks of him."

"Any way. Starves part of his time—from food, not from drink. He is attached to a fashionable gambling-house, and has some pay from it. By-the-by," cried Mr. St. George, with sudden emphasis, "what was the description Roberts's gave you to-day of the fellow who presented these bills for payment—a thin man, with a white face, and scarlet lips? That is uncommonly like Pratt himself."

"Pratt had not a white face and scarlet lips," remarked Arthur.

"Ah!" quoth Mr. St. George. "How long is it since you saw him?"

"Ten or twelve years."

"And he has been drinking ever since. Quite enough to make his face white, and his lips red."

"But," debated Arthur, "Pratt's son, whatever may be his faults, would not lend himself to crime."

"'Adversity makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows,'" significantly remarked the lawyer, "and there's no adversity like a career of drunkenness. I'll send for him, and tax him with it."

"But you cannot accuse him of presenting these forged bills for payment, without first knowing that it was he," remonstrated Arthur Danesbury.

"Leave him to me," said Mr. St. George, carelessly. "If I were to accuse him of murder, he is too broken-spirited to retaliate; but the probability is, that he has been an innocent agent in the matter. Robert Danesbury may have made him his tool. Singular enough, I sent for Pratt's son this morning, and am expecting him here. I told Pratt last year that I would get this lad, who is too good for such a father, into an architect's office, and I have just succeeded in doing so. My friend would not have anything to say to the boy till now; thought him too young."

As Mr. St. George spoke, he rang his bell, and a clerk entered.

"Is young Pratt come?"

"Yes, sir. He is waiting."

"Send him in."

A well dressed boy, with a clear, bright eye, and capacious forehead, entered. He ought to have been there early in the day, but his new clothes had to be purchased, for which his mother's friends had supplied the means.

"Well," said Mr. St. George, "are you as anxious as ever to become an architect?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir," answered the lad, coloring with eagerness.

"A friend of mine is ready now to take you into his office, and try what stuff you are made of. Do you think you can be industrious and steady, and give satisfaction?"

"I hope so, sir. I'll do all I can. And I am very much obliged to you."

"Are you sure you feel obliged to me?"

The boy looked up.

"Of course I do, sir, and so do my friends."

"Then you must repay the obligation by observing a certain rule which I wish to impose on you."

"What is it, sir?"

"That you never drink any sort of intoxicating liquor; neither wine, nor beer, nor spirits. You will be among young men who probably do drink such, and they will be for persuading you. Unless you can resolve to withstand that, and to abstain, you had better stay away altogether."

The boy's face became painfully suffused, for he knew why Mr. St. George thought it necessary to give him that caution.

"Oh, sir," said he, "there will be no difficulty. I have promised the same to mamma, and I will keep my word. She has never yet permitted me to drink anything but water, and I never will."

"I will trust you," answered Mr. S. George. "Remember, I implicitly trust you. Before I give you directions where to go," he added, "I want you to step home and bring your father here. Tell him I wish to speak with him."

Young Pratt flew off, and soon returned with his father. The latter, a little the worse for liquor, had not stayed to dress himself, and he looked, as the saying runs, "seedy;" seedy in clothes, and very seedy in face and frame. He shrank into himself when he recognized Mr. Arthur Danesbury, ashamed that he should see him as he was. It proved that Mr. St. George was mistaken in his suspicion of Pratt's having been the man to present the bills at Roberts's. Pratt knew nothing whatever about them. Indeed, the probability was, that they had passed out of Robert Danesbury's hands, three months before, into a discounter's: "There are plenty of men in London with white faces and inflamed lips," thought Mr. St. George to himself; "I was wrong."

"Do you happen to know where Mr. Robert Danesbury is, now?" Arthur inquired of Pratt.

"No, sir. I have not seen the captain for sometime—as we always call him among ourselves."

Not waiting to ask who "ourselves" might mean, though Mr. St. George well knew, Arthur Danesbury proceeded.

"Do you know where he removed to, when he left his apartments in Bond Street?"

"He went to Arundel Street, in the Strand, and afterwards he left that place, and I don't know where he went to," was Pratt's reply. "He had a run of ill luck, and since then he has not shown out much."

"What do you mean by ill luck?"

"At the gaming table, sir. And the captain was extravagant in other ways, and I expect he is keeping himself dark, just now. I see him now and then at night; though I have not, for the last week or two. His old night resorts are, I expect, too expensive for him at present, or else he is afraid to show himself at them, and I am not acquainted with his new ones. I shall see two or three people to-night that I can inquire of."

"I shall be obliged to you to do so," returned Arthur Danesbury.

"And come here to-morrow morning and report," said the lawyer, sharply—"at eleven o'clock."

The following day, Saturday, Pratt made his appearance in Bedford Row at the appointed hour. Arthur Danesbury was waiting for him. He had not been able to see Captain Danesbury, he said, for it was as he thought; the captain was in hiding; but he had heard that he sometimes appeared at a certain tavern called the Golden Eagle; he "went there for his drink."

"Do you know what he is doing?" inquired Arthur.

"Not much, sir," replied Pratt. "He looks shabby now; though you may be slow to believe that, of Captain Danesbury. He is hastening along the downward road, that I have gone. Lately, I have never seen him but he has been half screwed."

"Half what?" inquired Arthur.

"He means half drunk," explained Mr. St. George. "It is one of our glorious town's fast expressions, and has not, I presume, travelled to Eastborough."

"Not to me," replied Arthur. "I will go at once to this 'Golden Eagle.'"

"It will be of no manner of use, sir," interrupted Pratt. "He never appears there till night; and then, with caution. Your surest plan would be, to watch the doors after dark, or go inside and wait."

Arthur Danesbury had plenty to occupy himself with, that day, for he had business to attend to for the firm. He then went to his hotel and dined—the Queen's, St. Martin's-le-Grand—and afterwards he went out to find the Golden Eagle.

The Golden Eagle was situated in a low neighborhood, near to Oxford Street. Arthur was somewhat puzzled with the courts and street; but, on turning into the right one, there rose the structure before him. A magnificent white building—a gin-palace—glowing with pillars, and cornices, and balustrades, and ornamental architecture, all flooded with light. A "golden eagle," jetted with gas, spread its wings over the first floor windows, and lamps with pretty devices on their various colored glass, four in front and two on the side—for it was a corner house—raised themselves on pilasters from the pavement. But, glaring and brilliant as was the light without, it appeared to be eclipsed by that within.

Arthur took up his station at the corner. A most unenviable position; for the flood of gas streamed full upon, and lighted him up, as if he had been placed there for show. But from no other point, or darker corner, could he see the two doors; and, to watch only one, was almost the same as watching neither. If that house was the Golden Eagle, the one at the opposite corner of the narrow street, might be called the Golden Balls. It was a pawnbroker's shop. Do you ever see the two far apart? And many a one visited that, before they visited the Golden Eagle. Numbers were passing into it, that Saturday night, carrying with them incongruous articles—flat irons and children's clothes, pillows and time-pieces, wedding rings and men's boots, Dutch ovens and chimney ornaments. Some pressed in there from sheer necessity; others, to obtain means of gratifying their fiery craving for drink. Arthur Danesbury was often jostled by the pestiferous crowd, who came too close to him with their poisonous breaths, their glassy eyes, and their tainted rags. They were swarming there in scores, for it was Saturday night with the drinkers as well as with the pawners; and, now and again, his view of the doors was baffled by the intervening mob. The mob, who stared at him, standing there, as if he had been a wild animal, so entirely did he appear of a different species from themselves. He began to think he should be better off inside. It appeared a large place. Surely there might be a quiet corner where he could sit and wait; and he entered.

Several men, mostly young, and in shirt sleeves, for it was hot within that reeking place, were serving behind the counter. It was the first time Arthur Danesbury had ever been inside a London gin-shop, and he stood in amazement. Lustrous mirrors in glittering gilt frames dazzled his sight, their costly plate-glass reflecting back the lights, as in countless numbers; massive pillars, all marble and burnished gold—at any rate to look at; showy time-pieces, and rich cut glass chandeliers. Could this be a common gin-shop, where penny half-pints of porter and drains of gin were doled out? Ay, it was, indeed, and a luminous sight it was. The taps, communicating with the spirit-casks, were of polished silver, or were silver-plated; it was impossible for the eye to tell which; farther on, a little space, were the beer-taps; and the beautiful shelves, behind, held bottles of various kinds and elegant ornament. They contained cordials and liqueurs whose very names were sufficient to tempt the unwary, as they gazed at them, ranged there before the plate-glass. No lack of good cheer was sold there, or what the infatuated crowd deemed such. Barclay, Perkins & Co.'s entire, prime double stout, mild ale, best cordial gin, cream of the valley, old Tom, pinespple rum, genuine Scotch whiskey, best French brandy, sherbet, rum-shrub, were some of the names that, amidst many others, stared in Arthur's eyes. A little recovering from his astonishment, he approached a portly man who appeared to be the master. The latter gazed at him with surprise: his lofty form, his better than lofty countenance, his high breeding and affable tones were such that had not often been seen at the Golden Eagle.

Arthur courteously raised his hat; yes, even to a tavern-keeper, for he was a thorough gentleman at heart, and spoke in a low tone as he bent over the counter.

"Will you allow me the privilege of waiting here for half an hour? I wish to see a friend who occasionally comes here, perhaps he may do so to-night."

"Sir, with pleasure," respectfully answered the landlord. "Will you please to walk into our private parlor, sir?"

"Thank you, no. This gentleman may be in and gone in a minute, and I might miss him. I will stand aside and wait here."

The landlord bustled forward with a chair, and placed it at the corner of the counter. Arthur moved it back into the shade—if that term may be applied to any place so brilliant with light—somewhat out of the reach, and somewhat out of the gaze of the crowd. The landlord handed him a weekly newspaper, and he opened it, but his attention was much taken up by what was passing around him.

They were coming in, thick and threefold. Men, women, boys, girls; some, old; some, young; some, "respectable," some, the very dregs of the street. If ever Arthur Danesbury felt pre-eminently thankful for being a water-drinker, he felt so then. Repelling jokes met his ear, coarse conversation, profane swearing. Some were haggard with famine; some, with long drinking; some were scarcely a day removed from their graves. One woman, pale and bloated, in a broken straw bonnet, came up to the counter, carrying a moaning infant. It did not seem to have strength to cry.

"Quartern o' prime old Tom," she cried, putting down fivepence.

No sooner said, than the glass was handed to her with one hand, and the money swept away with the other. She drank it rather better than three parts, and the rest she poured down the throat of the infant, to dose it into quietness. Arthur Danesbury could not forbear an exclamation, but it was unheard in that Babel of sounds. As the woman turned from the counter, a young girl, in a green-and-red plaid shawl and tidy cotton gown, pushed her way into the place. She looked scarcely seventeen, yet the plague spot of intemperance had already set its mark upon her face. Thin and wan, and clammy in flesh and feature, it had the lack-lustre eye, and the hot red lips. She fixed those poor eyes of hers upon the landlord, and spoke with a pleading accent.

"Master, you'll just trust me with a half-quartern, won't ye?"

"Not if I know it, wench," roughly replied the same tongue which had been so civil to Arthur Danesbury.

"I'm *dying* for it," she went on. "I ha'nt had a taste in my lips this day, and I'm just fainting for the want of it. He ain't come out o' quod yet; when he does, I'll pay ye. Let's have it."

"Just take yourself off," returned the landlord; "you can't come the dodge over me."

She broke out into an oath: "Hear to him;" she shrilly cried, turning to the shopful. "He won't trust for a paltry half-quartern, and we have laid out pounds with him. You avaricious old Brimstone! I know who'll get his own, some day."

The landlord did not reply. He nodded to two of his men in the shirt-sleeves, who emerged from behind the counter and bundled the unhappy girl outside, she shrieking and cursing.

"We have rough customers here, sometimes, sir," said the landlord, approaching Arthur, and speaking in a tone of apology; "and this is Saturday night: any other, it would not be so bad."

"Poor things!" returned Arthur Danesbury.

"Can I offer you a glass of anything, sir? I'm sure I should be proud to—if you'd please to name what. I have got as good a glass of port as ever was tasted."

Arthur shook his head. "You are very kind. I never drink."

"Never, sir! Not anything?"

"Except water."

"Law, sir! that's poor stuff to keep up a man's stamina."

"I don't know," returned Arthur, with an amused look. "If you contrast my 'stamina' with that of those I now see around, I think mine would not suffer in the comparison."

"Yes, sir," said the landlord, "but you must also contrast your position and advantages with theirs."

"It may be that some of those now present have had it in their power to attain to as good a position as mine," returned Arthur. "Two or three of them look as though they had been gentlemen once."

"Yes, I believe they have been, sir."

"Till ruined by the demon, drink," muttered Arthur to himself.

"Who is that, sitting down in the bar?" demanded the smartly-attired landlady, when her husband went into their own parlor.

"I don't know who: some nob, though. He's a real gentleman, whoever he may be; a lord, I shouldn't wonder. He took off his hat to me as stylish as if I had been a duke royal, and asked leave to wait to see a friend. But, I say, what d'ye think? he's one of them tee-totalers."

"How do you know?"

"Because he said so. I asked him to take something—I'd have given one of my best beeswing ports to such a man as he, for, that he was not one of the beer or gin customers, I could see with half an eye—and he said he never took anything but water."

"Perhaps he is one of those teetotal spies, come to show the trade up," suggested the landlady.

"No, that he is not. He has nothing of the spy about him. He carries the stamp of honor on his face. My belief is, he's a noble *incog.*"

"What made you give him that newspaper to read?"

"Because I thought he might like to amuse himself with it, while he waited."

"But that's an old one."

"An old one!" cried the landlord. "Ain't it to night's?"

"No, last week's. Here's to night's."

"Bless me," exclaimed the man. And, taking the *fresh* paper, damp from the press, he approached Arthur with an apology for his remissness. The latter took it, but did not, at the moment, resign the other, for he was interested in something he was reading from it. Just then there was a loud shout in the bar, causing Arthur to look up, and the landlord to step close to the counter. It seemed to speak of applause.

The young girl had come in again, and, flinging down a shilling on the counter, demanded a half quartern of "mountain dew." The gin was served out to her and the sixpence change. She had taken off her cotton gown in the street, and pledged it for a shilling at the opposite pawnshop.

"Who says I am to be done?" cried she, when it was swallowed, turning round and holding out her scant petticoat, as if she were preparing to dance a minuet. "Old Brimstone wouldn't trust me, so I went and popped it for a shilling. I think this is as handsome as that: at any rate, for his shop," she continued, still holding out the garment for exhibition, which, whether it was originally black or white, was of no color but dirt now. "Ah! never say die!"

The applause was uproarious. Before half an hour had elapsed, she had spent the shilling in three half quarterns of mountain dew, and went reeling out. Gin on an empty stomach; weak from long fasting!

Arthur's spirit was faint within him. In and out, in and out of the doors they poured—these poor eager applicants, in all stages of misery, in all stages of disease, in all stages of intoxication. The doors were on the swing perpetually. Before one set had drained the poison that was destroying them, another was ready to fill up their places. What reward were they hastening on to, in the next world? What were they hastening to, only in this?

He sat till the house was ready to close, sat it out. Robert had not come in.

"May I trespass upon you again to-morrow night?" he inquired of the landlord. "I am from the country, and am unwilling to go back without seeing my friend. I do not know his address, but am informed he sometimes comes here at night."

"What is his name, sir?" asked the landlord.

"I question if you would know him by name. I believe not."

"Come to-morrow night, sir, and as many nights as you please. I am sorry it is so dull for you, sitting here, and watching others drink."

"I would rather watch them, than drink myself," was Arthur Danesbury's answer. "What I have witnessed here, to-night, has not tended to increase my approval of it."

"Drink is not bad in itself, sir, when taken in moderation; only when swallowed in excess."

"But most of your customers do seem to take it in excess," was Arthur's rejoinder.

"A good many do; it can't be denied. But, sir, there are other things that do them harm, as well as drink. Look at the low trash they are always reading, the bad, pernicious literature that they buy up and devour, the women especially. It's awfully demoralising, and destroys their minds faster than drink destroys their bodies. Good night to you, sir."

The landlord was not far wrong: for, nothing can tend to demoralize the minds of the lower classes more, than certain cheap and low publications, periodically poured forth with an unsparing hand in the British metropolis. Next to the unseemly indulgence in intoxicating liquors, they are the greatest bane that ever fell upon a nation's people. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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WE PITY HIM.—"Whom?"

"Why, Wiggins."

"What do you pity Wiggins for?"

"Listen, and you shall be told. Last fall Wiggins married a nice young lady, one every way worthy of his heart and hand. They commenced keeping house; he working in the shop, and she looking after the interest of their cottage home. By and by, Wiggins had a pain in his side, and he thought it might be that it was hard work at the bench that caused it; and so he rests occasionally. Only a few minutes at a time, and during that time he runs across the street to a saloon, and dodges behind a green blind that stands on the floor.

"Don't know what is behind that blind. But every time Wiggins goes behind there, something goes *pop!* like a cork coming out of a bottle. We pity Wiggins, we do; and Mrs. Wiggins, too. There is a shadow on Mrs. Wiggins's face, and a more fearful one around her heart!"

Reader, is your name Wiggins? Hope not; but if it is, do be careful of that thing which goes *pop?* behind that little green blind. We are afraid that it will hit you. Be careful.—*Christian Freeman.*

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☞ Women, instead of wasting their love on their gallants, should husband their affections.

☞ At the very time that "enlightened" England is encouraging prize fighting, Spain is discouraging the far less barbarous custom of bull fighting.

☞ Melancholy men may please the opposite sex, because every woman somehow thinks them miserable on her account, and that it is in her power to make Manfred happy by an offer of love, which he cannot but despise.

☞ A young lady was discharged from one of the largest vinegar houses in Boston last week, because she was so sweet that she kept the vinegar from fermenting. A sour old maid is wanted to fill her place.

☞ Between woods, the friction is less when the grains cross each other than when they are placed in the same direction.

☞ A couple of old topers in some way got into a quarrel, and for some time hurled all the approved blackguardism of the pothouse at each other, when one of them, determining to extinguish the other immediately, exclaimed—"Go! I have no more to say! I scorn you as I do a *glass of water.*"

## THE RESTORATION OF THE APPARENTLY DROWNED.

There are two seasons of the year when the danger of drowning is particularly great, and one of these is now about to commence, that is, as soon as the present summer will indulge us with a thermometer above 70° of Fahrenheit in the shade. Habitual bathers, who break the ice, in order to carry out their determination to have a daily plunge *coute qui coute*, seldom require any assistance, because even if they are seized with cramp in one of their limbs, they know how to save themselves by employing those which remain unaffected to support them till they can be picked up. It is chiefly, therefore, among the inexperienced bathers, who are induced to resort to our rivers and lakes, that fatal accidents occur, and they seldom begin to bathe till after the commencement of "the dog days." Many a case of drowning should be rather denominated one of misdirected interference on the part of the spectators, and we have ourselves known numerous instances in which there is every reason to suppose, from the short time the body was under water, that nature would have effected a recovery if left to herself. Hanging the body up by the heels, to drain out the water which is supposed to have been swallowed, is one of the least injurious of the popular expedients in cases of suspended animation, but it, in itself, is sufficient to keep up the engorgement of the brain, which is one of the chief dangers to be apprehended. So, also, warm baths, tobacco-smoke, and other depressing influences, should be strictly prohibited, and also that horrible practice of rolling the body over and over, which is so frequently adopted by those who are ignorant of its effects. The *Royal National Lifeboat Institution*, and the *Humane Society*, constantly circulate printed papers containing cautions against the adoption of these expedients; but unfortunately, they are seldom to be met with when they are wanted, and on that account we venture to impress upon our readers the importance of making themselves intimately acquainted not only with the objectionable practices to which we have alluded, but also with the methods which scientific men are agreed upon as those most likely to restore the circulation and respiration.

In the first place, it may be observed that for several hours after the submersion all hope of recovery should not be given up, unless it is declared by a medical man of experience that life is extinct. The signs by which this opinion may be formed are pretty clear to him, but by an ordinary spectator they are liable to be mistaken, since they are all more or less comparative in their nature. When, however, for half an hour, there is not the slightest evidence of breathing, or of the action of the heart—when the eyelids are half closed, with the pupils turned upwards and dilated, the jaws clenched, and the fingers semi-contracted—there is little doubt about the result, especially if the tongue is partially protruded, and the lips and nostrils are covered with frothy mucus. The temperature of the body is often not a reliable sign, because that is kept up by artificial means; but when spine or stomach, and the addition to the existence of the above symptoms, the coldness of the surface is very manifest, even if there is no medical authority for the relaxation of all efforts at restoration, it can serve little purpose to persevere. Still it is better to err on the safe side, and in this country there is seldom a long interval of doubt.

But supposing a body to be brought out of the water, it becomes a question, What shall be done? Shall it be taken to the nearest house, or at once be treated on the spot? The answer is, proceed at once in the open air, whether on shore or afloat, and lose not a moment in the attempt to *restore breathing*, and *keep up the temperature of the body by the application of dry heat.* The first of these is the main object, and the second must be for a short time sacrificed to it, but only for a few minutes, after which the two objects must be jointly pursued. These efforts must be continued energetically, till they are either found to be successful, or declared to be useless. Should the breathing be restored, the circulation should next be encouraged by rubbing the limbs in the direction of the heart, with firm and steady pressure, and with the aid, if possible, of warm flannels or silk handkerchiefs, protected by a blanket over all. Beyond these general directions, however, it is necessary to give others more minute, and this will be best done in the words used in the printed directions of the *Royal National Lifeboat Institution*, which are given in a succinct tabular form, and should be hung up in every public place near which accidental drowning is at all likely to occur.

### TO RESTORE BREATHING.

*To Clear the Throat—*

1. Place the patient on the floor or ground, with his face downwards, and one of his arms under the forehead, in which position all fluids will escape by the mouth, and the tongue itself will fall forward, leaving the entrance into the windpipe free. Assist this operation by wiping and cleansing the mouth.

2. If satisfactory breathing commences, adopt the treatment described below to promote warmth and natural breathing. If there be only slight breathing—or no breathing, or if it fail, then—

*To Excite Breathing—*

3. Turn the patient well and instantly on the side, and—

4. Excite the nostrils with snuff, hartshorn, smelling salts, or tickle the throat with a feather, &c., if they are at hand. Rub the chest and face warm, and dash cold water on it.

5. If there be no success, lose not a moment, but instantly

*To Imitate Breathing—*

6. Replace the patient on the face, raising and supporting the chest well on a folded coat or other article of dress.

7. Turn the body very gently on the side and a little beyond, and then briskly on the face, back again; repeating these measures deliberately, efficiently, and perseveringly, about fifteen times in the minute, or once every four seconds, occasionally varying the side:

*[by placing the patient on the chest, the weight of the body forces the air out: when turned on the side, this pressure is removed, and air enters the chest.]*

8. On each occasion that the body is replaced on the face, make uniform but efficient pressure with brisk movement on the back between and below the shoulder-blades or bones on each side, removing the pressure immediately before turning the body on the side:

*[the first measure increases the expiration, the second commences inspiration.]*

*** The result is—*Respiration* or *Natural Breathing*;—and, if not too late,—*Life.*

*Cautions.*

1. Be particularly careful to prevent persons crowding round the body.

2. Avoid all rough usage and turning the body on the back.

3. Under no circumstances hold the body up by the feet.

TO PREVENT ANY FURTHER DIMINUTION OF WARMTH.

N. B.—These efforts must be made very cautiously, and must not be such as to promote *Warmth and circulation rapidly; for* if circulation is induced before breathing has been restored, the life of the patient will be endangered. No other effect, therefore, should be sought from them than the prevention of evaporation, and its result, the diminution of the warmth of the body.

1. Expose the face, neck, and chest, except in severe weather, (such as heavy rain, frost, or snow.)

2. Dry the face, neck, and chest, as soon as possible, with handkerchiefs or anything at hand; and then dry the hands and feet.

3. As soon as a blanket or other covering can be obtained, strip the body; but if no covering can be immediately procured, take dry clothing from the bystanders, dry and re-clothe the body, taking care not to interfere with the efforts to restore bathing.

N. B.—The above directions are printed (in the circulars) in parallel columns, to insure that the efforts to obtain both objects shall be carried on at the same time.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

KINGS IN COUNCIL.—A STRANGE RUMOR, &c.

The Great Eastern and Adriatic brought the following news:—

TURIN, June 16.—M. Thouvenel is concerting with Count Cavour a line of policy to be followed by the governments of France and Sardinia, in common, in reference to Sicilian affairs.

It is stated that despatches have been received in Paris from Baron Brenner, stating that a revolution is imminent at Naples.

LONDON, June 16.—The London Weekly Press states that the great Powers have discovered a scheme on foot, on the part of Russia and France, to transfer the five Danubian provinces to the Grand Duke of Leuchtenberg.

It also says that Russia and Austria have refused to recognize the annexation of Tuscany to Sardinia.

Prussia escaped the obligation of refusal by asking Count Cavour not to announce it officially.

It also says that Napoleon is about to claim, as a compensation due to France, in consideration of the new territory which Garibaldi's successes will add to Sardinia, that the province of Nice and an island should be annexed to France.

All was quiet in Sicily.

Garibaldi was organising for an effort on the main land.

One of the captured steamers carried an American flag.

NAPLES, June 12.—The government was said to be organizing military manifestations in favor of a proclamation of a constitution.

PARIS, Saturday.—The Moniteur announces the arrival of the Emperor at Baden. He was received by the Grand Duke. In passing through the town the Emperor met with a sympathetic reception. The Prince Regent of Prussia, and the kings of Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemberg are present. The Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, and the Dukes of Coburg-Gotha, and Nassau.

The Baden Conference of the Emperor and various princes of Germany, ended on the 17th.

The French and Prussian journals desire the peace of Europe.

VIENNA, Friday.—The Austrian Gazette says that the Prussian Ambassador has officially announced to Count Rechberg the approaching interview of the Prince Regent with the Emperor Napoleon at Baden, and made such a declaration of its objects that all fears are removed.

DEATH OF MADAME GRISI'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.—The Brighton Gazette states that the cause of Mario and Grisi having been prevented singing on the 11th was the death of their youngest daughter.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.—On the 14th the ancient Abbey and domain of Newstead, in the county of Nottingham, indissolubly associated with the early life of Lord Byron, whose patrimony they constituted, were put up for sale. The largest offer was £120,000. The property, however, was bought in at the reserved bidding of £130,000.

THE MARKETS.—Liverpool, June 19.—The Cotmarket was dull, but closed with a better demand for speculation and export.

The Manchester advices were unfavorable; cloths were flat, but there was more doing in yards, at lower prices.

Breadstuffs dull. Provisions quiet.

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☞ Student seeking board (being of a pious turn of mind)—"I wish a nice, quiet room, where I should be uninterrupted in my devotions." Landlady—"Oh, in that case, I always require the price of board in advance."

☞ GARIBALDI AN IRISHMAN.—Garibaldi's name has given rise to some amusing philological speculations. An Irish enthusiast declares that the liberator of Palermo is the son of an Irish priest, and that his real name is Garry Baldwin, which the Italians have corrupted into Garibaldi. There is a square in Genoa, however, which for a hundred years has been known as the Piazza Garibaldi, because the family house was situated there. Then there was once a King Baribaldo, who was crowned with the iron crown at Monza. In the Longbardic language the word meant "bold in war;" and Garibaldi, by his bravery at Rome, Montevideo, Palermo, and Varese, proves his right to his name.

☞ The human race seem to have been engaged for thousands of years in trying to invent wings to fly with. They have a desperate ambition to become an awkward kind of poultry.

☞ A lady on Long Island challenges any young man under twenty-one to a foot-race, and seems to entertain no fear of defeat.

☞ "Mr. A., I understand you said I sold you a barrel of cider that had water in it?" "No, no," was the reply, "I only said you sold me a barrel of water with a little older in it."

☞ TRANSPORTED FOR LIFE.—The man who marries happily.

☞ Many writers profess great exactness in punctuation, who never yet made a point.

☞ Life is like a certain kind of boat-race—success depends entirely upon the skulls.

☞ The boy who lost his balance on the roof, found it on the ground shortly afterwards.

☞ The earth's inhabitants needn't be always grave, but it would be a terrible thing if the earth herself were to lose her gravity.

## THE GREAT EASTERN.

This enormous vessel reached New York on the 28th, after a voyage of eleven days. It was expected that her speed would have been from sixteen to eighteen knots an hour, but it is said that her swiftest rate was only fourteen and a half. The utmost distance she ran in any one day was 333 miles—which makes an average of less than fourteen miles an hour. Her bottom is said to be very foul, and it is said that but for this she would have made sixteen knots an hour. This foulness, however, was known in England, we be lieve before she sailed, and ought to have been removed. Considering that this leviathan of steamers was built with the expectation of crossing the Atlantic in seven days, it must be confessed that her first voyage is *not* a success.

TABULAR DESCRIPTION.—For the benefit of our readers, we append a tabular statement of the dimensions and calibre of the Great Eastern:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Extreme length, | 680 feet. | |
| Breadth, | 83 | " |
| Depth from deck to keel, | 60 | " |
| Length of the forecastle, | 140 | " |
| Number of saloons, | 10 | |
| Average length of saloons, | 65 | " |
| Number of decks, | 4 | |
| Number of water-tight compartments, | 12 | |
| Thickness of plate in the keel, | 1 inch. | |
| " bulwarks, | ½ | " |
| " iron deck, | ½ | " |
| Plates of iron used in constructing hull, | 30,000 | |
| Number of rivets used, | 2,000,000 | |
| Weight of iron used, | 12,000 tons. | |
| Tonnage, | 22,500 | " |
| Quantity of coal she can carry, | 11,379 | " |
| Draught of water with cargo, | 30 feet. | |
| " " light, | 21 | " |
| Accom'dations for passengers, | 4,000 | |
| " troops alone, | 10,000 | |
| Weight of anchors, | 251 tons. | |
| Number of engines, (paddle 4, screw 6, auxiliary 2,) | 10 | |
| Nominal power | 2,600 horses. | |

THE SALOONS.—As regards the passenger accommodations, they are unrivalled, and prove that the constructor had as fine an eye for comfort and luxury as for strength and durability. There are ten saloons, of which five are on the upper deck, and five on the lower, and all have been furnished in a style of luxury and elegance that must be positively refreshing to the passenger, who on deck is sighing for "home, sweet home," for on entering these noble saloons the last thought likely to strike one would be that he was off *et terra firma*. The length of the saloons on the upper deck is 70 feet, their height being 12 feet. Those on the lower deck are 60 feet in length, and nearly 14 feet in height. The main saloon is 62 feet long, and 36 feet wide; 20 feet of it at one end being set apart for the use of ladies.

The first impression likely to strike a visitor, in passing through the saloon, is, that he is in some fashionable hotel. The idea that he is on board of a ship would not strike him, were he unaware of the fact.

HER POWER.—One hundred and twelve furnaces, of good size, are used to heat ten boilers, and these in turn furnish steam for eight engines—four screw and four paddle. Each boiler is entirely independent of the rest, and the power they exert upon the engines is, at 25 pounds pressure, 2,600 horses, the screw engines possessing 1,600 horse power at that pressure. But with an increase of pressure, the power of these wonderful engines could be raised to 10,000. Add to this the power of the two auxiliary high-pressure engines, to be used on the screw in case of necessity, and the total horse power which could be exerted will not fall much, if any, short of 11,500.

HER MASTS AND BOATS.—She has six masts, which carry not less than six thousand five hundred yards of canvas, almost enough to drive half a dozen of the ordinary packet ships, which were once the chief mode of conveyance between the Old and New Worlds. In case of accident, there are numerous life-boats ready for immediate use, and two steam screw propellers which could be made available at a few moments' notice.

FIRE.—The auxilliary engines are so arranged, that, in case of fire, they could be of immense service. The combined pumping power of all the pumps is about fifty tons of water a minute.

COST.—The Great Eastern stands its owners in the sum of nearly six millions of dollars of actual cost, and the interest attached to it, therefore is, at five per cent., three hundred thousand dollars a year.

SAFETY.—The height of the Great Eastern's hull is sixty feet, and it is divided into ten compartments, each perfectly water-tight, so that in case of accident to one, or even more, the remainder would act as preservers of the noble vessel. The hull is constructed on the cellular system, which, it is believed, will almost double the strength of this important portion of the vessel, and preserve the ship, in case of grounding, from any damage by the strain of the immense weight upon the lower portions. So far as strength goes, there is no reason to apprehend any danger. She is divided into four decks, the lower one being used chiefly for the boilers and engines. But these decks have been constructed so solidly, that the passengers in their cabins will be unable to hear the least sound of the working of the engines, or the labor of the hands employed below. The crew sleep forward, just below the forecastle, which has been appropriated for the officers. Below the seamen's berths, two monstrous places are provided for the cargo, of which the vessel can carry, it is estimated, five thousand tons, not speaking of the coal necessary for a voyage to Australia, whither she is destined to run by those who own her. Besides the ten compartments into which the ship is divided, she is also divided into three great parts by solid walls of iron. The middle one is used for the boilers, engines, and saloons; the lateral ones contain the coal bunkers, which are underneath the berths and side cabins.

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ANTI CONFESSIONAL MOVEMENT AMONG ROMANISTS.—A remarkable movement is in operation among the Roman Catholics of Manchester, as will be seen by the following address which has been extensively circulated among the members of that body:—

"Some Roman Catholics, holding entire the Christian faith so miraculously perpetuated in the Communion of the See of St. Peter, yet deeming the office conferred in the Holy Sacrament of Orders to be simply ministerial, and abhorring the assumption by the minister of God of the judicial character in the Confessional, as obstructive of the free grace designed by our Lord for sinners in his institution of the Holy Sacrament of Penance, are desirous of forming, under the special invocation of the Virgin Mary, an associated membership for earnest private prayer, in each other's homes, that God will of his grace remove these, and other scandals of man's devising, from his holy and immaculate church."

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A CORRESPONDENT in Florence writes as follows, concerning the personal appearance of Miss Evans, the author of "Adam Bede" and the "Mill on the Floss":—"She would be called 'ugly' by thoughtless persons, but the more discriminating pronounce her intelligent and interesting in appearance. Miss Evans is a woman of forty (probably,) tall in stature, large in build, of fair complexion, golden hair, fine teeth, light eyes, long nose, and the face is altogether long. In the heaviness of jaw, and highness of cheek bones, she greatly resembles a German. The expression of her face is gentle and amiable, while her manner is particularly timid and retiring."

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BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 254—Adults 71, and children 183.

## NEWS ITEMS.

At the last Drawing-Room in London, the Queen wore a train of black silk trimmed with roches of black crape. Her head-dress was formed of a diadem of opals and diamonds, with black feathers, and a black crape veil. The Princess Alice wore a train of rich white corded silk, trimmed with heart's-ease and bows of ribbon; the petticoat of white tulle, over glace silk, also trimmed with heart's-ease and bows of ribbon. Her Royal Highness wore a wreath of hearts-ease, with feathers, and a silver veil, as a head-dress.

MISS RACHEL J. MENDELL, a teacher in one of the Cincinnati public schools, on the 21st of May last, risked her life in behalf of her scholars, and was so badly injured, that she is yet confined to her chamber. A few days since she was presented with a watch and chain, valued at $175, and free passes over twenty-three railroads, with the expectation, we suppose, that one so heroic will risk her life as many times more as she has the privilege of riding.

SENATOR C—— had been intrusted with the presentation and advocacy of a certain bill which has been before Congress for several sessions, and has made several futile attempts to have it taken up and passed. But one morning the bill, in connection with some others, was passed. The next day, Senator C——, happening to meet the beneficiary of the bill, frankly told him that he despaired of getting anything done with it at this session; he had tried time and again to have it put upon its passage, but with no success. He was exceedingly sorry, but it could not be helped. "Why, Mr. C.," said the gentleman in reply, "my bill was taken up yesterday; you voted for it, and it was passed!"

A PRETTY SET OF GENTLEMEN.—"The following noblemen and gentlemen," says Bell's Life, "have put down their names for subscriptions for a testimonial to John C. Heenan:—Marquis of Anglesey, £10; Lord Portsmouth, £10; Lord Coventry, £10; Lord A. Paget, £10; Lord Glasgow, £5; Lord Courtney, £10; Sir L. Newman, £10; Mr. Merry, £25; Mr. Ten Broeck, £10; Col. Higgins, £5."

Two persons, of respectable appearance, entered a public house not many miles from the village of Red Hill, and requested to have dinner served them. Mine host complied with their request by placing a leg of pork before them, and having done ample justice to it, they called for some ale. After enjoying themselves for some time, one of the "gentlemen" proposed to the other to run a race of 150 yards, the loser to pay for the dinner, &c. Accordingly the worthy landlord measured the ground, and started the "gentlemen." Observing that they ran beyond the distance measured, and supposing that they were doing so in ignorance, he called out lustily; but they continued to run until they were out of sight, and did not return. The landlord, therefore, had the mortification of finding that he had been duped, for they ran off without paying for their dinner.

THE London Times says that private advices by the last India mail, from a well informed source, mentioned that a mysterious communication, like that of the "Chappatees" which preceded the mutiny, is circulating among the natives in the Behar districts. It consists of a written slip, to be passed from hand to hand—"Juggernaut is closed; distribute 500 copies, or your families are cursed!" This affair is supposed not to have any connection with the indigo difficulties, its locality being about 200 miles distant from them.

AUSTRIAN troops are massing in the square that we heard so much of last year; Russian troops are concentrating on the Turkish frontier, and French troops are assembling in camp near the Rhine. There promises to be a fine time soon for the owners of saltpetre.

THE COMET.—The Cambridge astronomers say the comet is approaching the earth, position and its increasing distance from the sun, it is doubtful whether it will become very conspicuous to the naked eye. Through the large telescope it presents an appearance curiously like that of the great comet of 1858, on a reduced scale. The tail branches off in two streams from the nucleus. As the elements have no resemblance to those of any recorded comet, it may be concluded that it has never before been observed. The comet is now north of Ursa Major.

A LIBERAL BEQUEST.—Dr. Ferdinand S. Wilsey, of South Bergen, N. J., recently died, and left a property in Chicago, Ill., valued at $25,000, to the American Swedenborg Publishing and Printing Society of New York, as a perpetual fund; the interest to be devoted to the printing and gratuitous distribution of the theological writings of Emanuel Swedenborg.

ANOTHER "WORLD'S FAIR."—There is no longer any doubt that the contemplated London exhibition of 1862, will be undertaken. The guarantee fund of £250,000 has been raised.

STRAWBERRY culture on a large scale must be profitable, if a statement in the Doylestown Intelligencer, is to be relied upon, wherein it is asserted that a "large grower in New Jersey, states that they can be raised at about half a cent a quart."

WATERING PLACE SOLD.—The Blue Sulphur Springs, in Greenbriar county, Va., have been purchased for the establishment of a Baptist College, for $40,000.

TORNADO IN TENNESSEE.—A letter from Freedom, Tenn., dated the 16th ult., says that during the continuance of the gust the ploughed earth was whirled through the air by cartloads; a quantity of bar iron, at Hall's, was picked up and carried a quarter of a mile, and some of the bars, which were twisted round trees by the force of the wind, had to be pried off with handspikes. In the barn of Mr. Day were 200 bushels of wheat, which were carried off, and never heard of since. Sheep and stock, also, were seen away up in the air! Any farmer upon whose property any of this wheat, sheep, or other stock shall hereafter alight, will please apprise Mr. Day at once of the fact.

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THE COW SICKNESS.—Doctors Emerson and Elwyn, appointed by the Philadelphia County Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, to proceed to Massachusetts for the purpose of ascertaining all the facts connected with the disease among cows in that State, have returned, after visiting places where a number of cows had died, and others were still laboring under the effects of "Pleuro Pneumonia." We understand from one of the gentlemen, that the disease in Massachusetts has nearly died out for the present, and that the cows now affected have not the disease in a very active form. Previous to the departure of the gentlemen named above for the east, several cows in the vicinity of Philadelphia, supposed to have the disease, were examined by them, and they are satisfied that the cow sickness here is similar in its symptoms with that in Massachusetts, but they do not believe that it is here, as there, "contagious."

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TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.—There is a bit of gossip going about in the English papers to this effect:—The Duke of Brabant recently made a visit to the Sultan of Turkey. His majesty desiring to show much honor to his illustrious guest, dispatched a royal collation of chibouques and narghiles to Emirgham for the Duke's use during his stay. These, it is said, amounted to no fewer than seventeen pipe-stalks, with the costliest amber mouth-pieces, all diamond mounted. Several of them were the very *ne plus ultra* of Turkish art, and the Duke, it is said, gave utterance to his admiration in terms loud an explicit. The Turkish monarch at once said in the Oriental style,—"They are yours." The Duke took the phrase literally, and packed up the whole array, valued at about $36,000.

## POLITICAL ITEMS.

THE CANDIDATES.—The following are the

NOMINEES FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

| | Age |
|---|---|
| *Repub.*—Abraham Lincoln, Illinois, | 51. |
| *Union.*—John Bell, Tenn., | 63. |
| *Demo.*—Stephen A. Douglas, Illinois, | 47. |
| *Demo.*—J. C. Breckenridge, Ky., | 39. |
| *Demo.*—Samuel Houston, Texas, | — |

NOMINEES FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

| | Age. |
|---|---|
| *Repub.*—Hannibal Hamlin, Maine, | 51. |
| *Union.*—Edward Everett, Mass., | 66. |
| *Demo.*—H. V. Johnson, Georgia, | — |
| *Demo.*—Joseph Lane, Oregon, | 60. |

THE RICHMOND CONVENTION.—This Convention declared Breckenridge and Lane to be the unanimous choice of the Convention for President and Vice President. The Convention reaffirmed the platform adopted by the same body at Charleston, and then adjourned *sine die*.

NEW YORK.—The friends of General Samuel Houston have called a State Convention, to be held at Schenectady, on the 18 h of July, to nominate an electoral ticket and designate a candidate for the Vice Presidency. The friends of Breckenridge and Lane have called a State Convention, to meet at Syracuse on the 24 of July, to nominate an electoral ticket. Mayor Wood and Dean Richmond have concluded an arrangement by which the former agrees to support Mr. Douglas for the Presidency, in consideration of being placed at the head of the Douglas electoral ticket.

The National Democratic Volunteers of New York City—the association of wealthy Democratic merchants—have resolved to support a straight-out Breckenridge and Lane ticket.

MICHIGAN.—*Detroit*, June 29.—The Democratic State Convention which met here yesterday tabled a motion to invite Gen. Cass, who was in the city, to attend the Convention, and a subsequent motion to recall it was voted down decisively, as was also a resolution endorsing the National Administration. A resolution endorsing the Douglas and Johnson ticket was enthusiastically carried.

VIRGINIA.—The Norfolk Argus states that ex Governor Wise has pronounced the nomination of Breckenridge and Lane a most admirable one for the safety of the Union. He will address the democracy of Norfolk at the ratification meeting.

WASHINGTON.—The Douglas National Democratic Committee have passed a resolution urging the formation of electoral tickets in all the States, "pledged to the unequivocal support of Douglas and Johnson."

MAINE.—The Democratic State Convention have nominated E K. Smart for Governor, by 714 votes against 11 scattering. Wm. P. Harris, of Biddeford, and H. Strickland, of Bangor, were appointed Presidential electors. Both are strong Douglas men, and the Convention was quite unanimous for Mr. Douglas.

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### THE CROPS.

The accounts from the various sections of the country, in regard to the crops, are favorable for a large yield. The amount of grain, it is said, will be larger than any previous years, as more ground has been cultivated, and the season generally has been favorable to the growth. In Ohio the wheat harvest has commenced, and it was thought, would be finished this week. The barley crop is more than an average one; the oats crop will be very fair; flax will be short, but much better than last year. There will not be a full crop of hay and clover, but potatoes promise a large amount for exportation. In Missouri, late rains have benefitted the crops vastly. It is estimated that Iowa will yield more wheat this year than in any one for the last four. Corn and other spring grain crops will be abundant, it is now believed. In Illinois the accounts are very favorable from all parts of the State. The crops of grain in Minnesota. In Minnesota crops look "splendid," spring wheat "magnificent," potatoes vigorous, corn growing rapidly, and both that and oats promising largely. From Indiana the same accounts are received. Indeed, we see no complaints of bad crops, except in some of the Eastern States, where great drought has existed. In Michigan, the hay crop promises an immense and unparalleled yield. Corn is growing so rapidly, that one can see it unwind its fructifying folds. The crop will be a large one, notwithstanding in some places the ravages of the grub. In Louisiana there is now a drought, which threatens the corn and rice, but the last intelligence was a prospect of a change in the weather. The Buffalo Advertiser says the crops of all kinds of fruit, including peaches, will be very large in New York. The Charleston Mercury says that the rice is in excellent condition, and every prospect fine. Should the same fortune that has attended the crop thus far continue to the end of the season, the biggest crop ever made will be the result. The first peaches of the season were received at Charleston on Monday, 11th instant, from a garden near Aikin. Without any exaggeration of the facts, it may be assumed that the crops this year are as good as the most favorable season can make them.

Contrary to general expectation, the cereal or small grain crops in middle and upper Georgia and East Tennessee have all turned out well except the oats. Wheat is yielding a plentiful golden harvest. Corn is also promising, and fruit of all kinds will be abundant. The oats are a general failure.

Full twenty-five per cent. more acres have been planted in tobacco in Kentucky this year than at any other previous season.

The Arkansas journals say that the wheat crop is now being harvested in that section of the country, and, from the information regarding it, about half a crop will be realized. Other crops promise well, particularly cotton.

The Montreal Herald says that throughout Canada the crops everywhere promise admiralty. The only exception, perhaps, is as to the bay, which in some parts of Lower Canada, and especially on the Island, are suffering greatly from drought.

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CHINESE SALUTATIONS.—The salutation between two Chinamen when they meet, consists in each clasping and shaking his own hands, instead of each other's, and bowing very profoundly, almost to the ground, several times. A question more common than "How do you do?" is, "Have you eaten rice?" This being the great staple article of food throughout the Empire, and forming the chief and indispensable part of every meal, it is taken for granted that if you have "eaten rice" you are well.

Etiquette requires that in conversation, each should compliment the other, and everything belonging to him, in the most laudatory style; and depreciate himself with all pertaining to him, to the lowest possible point. The following is no exaggeration, though not the precise words:

"What is your honorable name?"

"My insignificant appellation is Wong."

"Where is your magnificent palace?"

"My contemptible hut is at Suchan."

"How many are your illustrious children?"

"My vile, worthless brats are five."

"How is the health of your distinguished spouse?"

"My mean, good-for-nothing old woman is well."

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PROFESSOR LOWE recently made an ascension with his mammoth balloon from the City Gas Works. He says his next attempt will be the trip to Europe—starting from Philadelphia, as he cannot (strange fact!) get *gas* enough at New York. This balloon when filled, is one hundred and twenty feet high from the top to the neck of the valve, and with the cars suspended beneath it, will reach an altitude of two hundred feet, or nearly as high as the State House steeple.

"THE DERBY."—Some persons do not yet know what "the Derby" is, and here is an explanation. Epsom, a small market town, in the county of Surrey, is situated close to Banstead Downs, and is some fifteen miles from London. On these downs, in the week before Whitsuntide, comes off the annual English *saturnalia*, called Epsom races. The two events of these races are the contests for the great Derby stakes and the Oaks. A former Earl of Derby, with the sporting predilection which seem to run in the blood of the Stanleys, occupied a country seat called "The Oaks," close to Epsom. Here formerly lived that General Burgoyne, who surrendered to General Gates, at Saratoga, in 1777. Three years earlier he had written a play, which, after his own residence, he called The Maid of the Oaks. To encourage horse-racing, the Earl of Derby gave two prizes, to be run for at Epsom. These are "the Derby," which invariably comes off on Wednesday, and "the Oaks," which is contested on the Friday.

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THE Great Eastern opens for public inspection on Tuesday. Painters are engaged in painting the vessel up, and, when the work is finished, people can go on board at fifty cents a head.

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## WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The market for Flour opened firmer and rather more active under the advices from abroad, and holders put up their prices 12½@25c ₩ bbl: the demand, however, both for shipment and home use has been limited at the advance, and some 8,000 bbls have been disposed of, in lots, mostly for shipment, at $5,25@5,50 for mixed and good straight superfine, part fresh ground, including some choice City Mills superfine at $5,87½; extra at $5,62½@5,87½; family at $5,75@5,87½; fancy brands at $6,62½. Rye Flour is inactive, and selling in a small way at $3,75@3,87½. Corn Meal is also but little inquired for, and about 800 bbls sold at $3,37½ for Pennsylvania, including 500 bbls Brandywine, on terms kept private.

GRAIN—The market has been fairly supplied with Wheat, and some 22,000 bushels have been taken, mostly in small lots, at from $1,25 to $1,37 for fair to choice Pennsylvania and Jersey red; $1,35@1,40 for White, the latter for prime southern. At the close, our highest figures were hardly obtained for the best lots. A small sale of new Virginia white Wheat, the first of the season, was made at about $2 ₩ bushel: the quality was very fine. Rye has been very scarce, and some 4000 bushels, all offered, sold at 70@77c for Pennsylvania. Corn of prime quality has also been very scarce, and 20,000 bushels Yellow found buyers at 68@70c for prime, and 60@65c for inferior as in quality. Oats are dull and lower, with sales of some 18,000 bushels at 40c for Pennsylvania, and 38c for southern. In Barley and Barley Malt there is little or nothing doing, the season being over.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and stocks of the hog product are light for the season, and held in few hands; and the market generally has an upward tendency; some 600 bbls. mess Pork have been disposed of at $18 75@$19, and prime at $15 ₩ bbl. No change in Beef, and a small business doing in city mess at $14@$15 ₩ bbl. Of Bacon we note sales of 800 packages, part to go out of the market, including plain and fancy hams at 10½@12½c, as in quality; shoulders 8½@9c, and sides at 10½@11c, cash and short time. Of Green Meats we are advised of a sale of hams in pickle at 10½c; shoulders in salt at 8@8½c, and sides at 10c ₩ lb, now held higher. Lard is firm at the late advance, and 800 bbls. and tierces, all that could be had, sold at 12½c, cash and 60 days, now held higher; kegs are quoted at 13@13½c. Butter moves off slowly at 16@12c for packed and roll. Cheese no change, prices ranging at 10½@11½c ₩ lb. Eggs are worth 14@15c per dozen.

COTTON—1000 bales have been disposed of at prices ranging from 6 to 13½c ₩ lb for inferior to middle and middling fair Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time.

BARK—Quercitron comes forward slowly, and 1st No. 1 is selling in a small way at $28 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark is lower. Sales of Spanish are making at $19@20, and Chestnut Oak at $16@$17 ₩ cord.

BEESWAX is steady at 34c for good yellow, without much doing in the way of sales.

COAL—The market is only moderately active for the season, owing to the scarcity of Coal and the high rates of freight demanded, both east and south. Prices, however, are very firm, the tendency, if anything, being upward.

COFFEE—The market is firm, and the stock in first hands is nearly exhausted; the sales reach about 1500 bags, chiefly Rio, at from 13½ to 14½c, including a small import just in, taken at the above rates, and some Laguayra at 13½@13½c, all on the usual credit

COPPER—There is very little movement in Sheathing and Yellow Metal, and no change to note in price or demand.

FEATHERS continue scarce, and good Western are worth 50@52c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Nothing doing in dried Fruit. Green Fruit is beginning to arrive more freely, and Apples are selling at from $3,50 to 5 ₩ bbl. A sale of Southern Peanuts was made at $1,75 ₩ bus.

HIDES—The market is firm and the stock light, and but little doing in the way of sales.

HOPS are rather more active, new selling as wanted at from 10 to 14c ₩ lb for Eastern and Western, as in quality. All the old Hops have been closed out at 5@7c ₩ lb.

IRON—There is little or no movement in the market, and business is pretty much at a stand still, the sales being confined to small lots Anthracite Pig Metal at $23 for No 1, $22 for No 2, and $20@20,50 for No 3, on time. Of Scotch Pig the sales were also in a small way at quotations. Nothing doing in Blooms or Boiler Plates worthy of notice. Bars and Rails are steady.

LEAD is dull and rather lower, with sales of 1000 pigs Galena to note at equal to $5,75 the 100 lbs, cash. A sale of 100 tons Galena was also made in a neighboring market, to come here, at $5,65 the 100 lbs.

LEATHER—There is some demand for slaughter, to go East, at fully former rates, with a light stock to operate in. Other kinds, however, are inactive

LUMBER meets with a fair demand, and further sales of white Pine Boards are making at $14@18, and Lehigh Hemlock at $10,50@11 ₩ M. Yellow Sap Boards are dull, and selling slowly at $14@15 ₩ M. Not much doing in Laths and Shingles for the want of stock.

MOLASSES continues dull, and we are only advised of a few small sales of Cuba at 24@28c, and 150 bbls New Orleans at 47@47½c, on the usual terms.

PLASTER continues dull, with a cargo sale of soft to note at $2,70 ₩ ton, and one of calcined at $1,25 ₩ bbl.

SEEDS have been very quiet. There is but little offering or selling, and little or no demand for Cloverseed. Some small lots found buyers at $4,50 from first and $5 ₩ bus from second hands, and Timothy has been sold in a small way at $4,12½ ₩ bus. Of Flaxseed the receipts and sales are also light, and we quote domestic at $1,62½ ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—There is no alteration in the market for foreign, and a small business to note in Brandy and Gin. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 35@36c. Whiskey is getting scarce, but prices are without much alteration, Western bbls selling at 21½@22c Pennsylvania do at 21@21½c. Drudge at 20c, and hhds at 20½@21c.

SUGARS have ruled quiet but steady, with a little more demand from the trade at the close, and some 400 hhds have been disposed of at 7@7¾c for Cuba, and 7¼@8¼c for Porto Rico. About 350 boxes, mostly white, also sold at 8½@8¾c, on time

TALLOW has been rather more inquired for, and sales of city rendered are reported at 10@10½c ₩ lb.

TOBACCO—There is very little doing in either Leaf or Manufactured, and no alteration to note in prices.

WOOL is coming in more freely, the demand, however, has been limited, and a few small lots of fleece have been taken within the range of quotations.

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### NEW YORK MARKETS.

June 30.—FLOUR heavy, 6500 bbls sold. State $5,25@5,35; Ohio $5,75@6,85; Southern $5,05@6,95. Wheat heavy, 10,000 bus sold; white Southern 160c; red Western 140@142c; Milwaukie club 131@132; Chicago spring 127. Corn heavy, 30,000 bus sold; mixed 65, yellow 61; white 68. Pork firm Lard firm at 12@12½c. Whiskey steady

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2500 head. The prices ranged from $7½ to 10 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—3000 head were sold at from $3 to 4 ₩ head, according to quality. Hogs—3000 head were sold at $7,50@8,25 for still fed, and from $8 to 8,50 for corn fed. Cows—125 head were sold at $25 to 50, according to condition and fancy.

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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore, Md.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
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GEO. N. LEWIS, 26 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHNSON & TREANOR, Nashville, Tenn.
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J. C. MORGAN & CO., New Orleans, La.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.


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FURTHER FROM ENGLAND.

BOLTON, Eng., June 4, 1859.

Messrs. Perry Davis & Son:—

Sirs,—I have very great pleasure in recommending your medicine. I was suffering a few weeks since with a complaint called bronchitis, and could scarcely take any food. I was recommended to try Perry Davis's Vegetable Pain Killer, and after taking a few doses, I was completely cured.

Yours respectfully,
THOS. WILKINSON.

P. S.—I have recommended the same medicine to many of my friends for different complaints, and in every instance it has had the desired effect of doing good. T. W.

MANCHESTER, Eng., May 31, 1859.

Having tested the medicine called Perry Davis's Vegetable Pain Killer, manufactured by Perry Davis & Son, of Providence, in the U. S., I have much pleasure in speaking of its great efficacy and usefulness. Two years ago I was suddenly afflicted with a painful internal disease, when a friend of mine, (who had just returned from the States,) seeing my anguish, gave me a small quantity of Perry Davis's Pain Killer, which he had brought with him and which I took internally, as he directed. The relief was immediate, and so satisfied was I of its value as a medicine, that I immediately sent over to New York for half a dozen of the large bottles, and I am thankful to say it has proved to my family and to others who have used it, of inestimable value, and relief to almost all kinds of suffering and pain.

Yours truly, H. D. MEAD.


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## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

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On Tuesday evening, the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. J. F. Berg, D. D., Mr. JOHN LIGGET, to Miss MARTHA, eldest daughter of Wm. McFadden, Esq. both of this city.

June 27th, by the Rev. H. Augustus Smith, Mr. JAMES B. BUCHANAN, to Miss REBECCA M. KELLY, both of this city.

At Bethlehem, Pa. on Tuesday morning, 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Bryler, WILLIAM M. FOX, of this city, to Miss VIRGINIA S. daughter of Dr. F. A. Martin, of Bethlehem, Pa.

On Tuesday morning, 26th ultimo, by the Rev. John Ruth, CHARLES W. KARR, to ANNIE DORER, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. CALEB EVERIDGE, to Miss MARY J. ELLIS, both of this city.

On Thursday, 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel Barborow, Rector of the Church of the Evangelist, Mr. GEORGE W. RIVAL, to Miss ELIZA MORLEY, both of this city.

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## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

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On the 23d ultimo, LIZZIE SHARDER, only daughter of James E. and Isabella Penn Fleming, aged 5 months and 3 days.

On the 26th ultimo, ANDERSON L RANDALL, eldest son of the late Hon. Archibald Randall, in his 34th year.

At Houston, Texas, on the 21st ultimo, HELEN, wife of the Rev. W. T. D. Dalzell, and youngest daughter of the late Bishop H. U. Onderdonk.

On Monday evening, 25th ultimo, WILLIAM B. CALLICOTT, aged 58 years.

Suddenly, on the evening of the 25th ultimo, ROBERT HOWARD, son of Joseph and Catharine Ripka, in his 32d year.

On the 22d ultimo, ALEXANDER ERVIN, in his 56th year.

On the 22d ultimo, Mrs. CAROLINE WILLING, daughter of the late Richard Willing, Esq. in her 44th year.

On the 25th ultimo, J. R. DUTTON, in his 36th year.

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## THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

| LOANS. | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|
| U S 6 pr ct, 18 — | 102 | 103 |
| " " '67 | 109 | — |
| " " '68 | 109 | — |
| " 5 " coupon '78 | 103½ | — |
| Phila 6 pr ct, old | 10 | 10½ |
| " " new | 104 | 105 |
| " 5 " | 84 | — |
| Penn 6 pr ct, | 78 | — |
| " " coupon | 43 | 50 |
| Allegh City 6 pr ct | 65 | 75 |
| " County | 45 | 50 |
| Penn 5 pr ct | 102 | — |
| " " | 90 | 97 |
| Texas 6 " | 91 | 92 |
| " 5 " coupon | 68 | — |
| Kentucky 6 pr ct | — | 104½ |
| Missouri " | 101 | — |
| Ohio " 1856 | 103 | — |
| N Carolina 6 pr ct | 98 | 98½ |
| Virginia " | 97½ | — |
| Ind State 5 pr ct | 92 | — |
| Cal State 7 pr ct | — | — |
| new bonds | — | — |
| N Y City, 372-5 | 114 | 116 |

| BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA. | | |
|---|---|---|
| North America | 143 | 148 |
| Philadelphia | 118 | 118½ |
| Far & Mec | — | 57½ |
| Commercial | 50 | — |
| N Liberty | 60 | — |
| Mechanics | 98½ | 57 |
| Southwark | 78 | — |
| P Township | 56 | — |
| Kensington | 60 | — |
| Girard | 46½ | 47½ |
| Western | 63 | 64 |
| Man & Mec | 20½ | 22 |
| Commerce | — | 70 |
| Tradesman's | 82½ | — |
| City | 45 | — |
| Consolidation | 23½ | — |
| Commonwealth | — | 26½ |
| Corn Exchange | 35 | — |
| Germantown | — | 80 |
| Pittsburg, Pitt'bg | 50 | — |
| Exchange " | 56 | — |
| Kentucky, Ky | 125 | 126 |
| Northern " | 126 | — |
| Louisville " | 125 | — |
| Farmers " | 100 | — |
| Union, Nash, Tenn | 91½ | 92 |
| Planters " | 100 | — |
| N O Gas Light | 190 | 200 |
| Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg | 7 | 7½ |
| Washington Gas Light Co | 24 | 25 |
| Lehigh Zinc | — | 11 |
| New Creek | — | 4 |
| New Granada | — | 6 |
| N America Ins Co | 17 | 20 |
| N Liberties Gas | — | 8½ |
| Southwark and Frankford R R | — | 85 |
| Brooks | — | 80 |

| RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS. | Bid. | Asked |
|---|---|---|
| Pennsylvania RR | — | — |
| 1st mort bonds | 103 | — |
| 2nd " | 85½ | 90½ |
| stock | 33½ | 34½ |
| Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864 | — | 100 |
| stock | — | 130½ |
| Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70 | — | 84 |
| mort 6's '44 | 102½ | 102½ |
| " '86 | 74½ | 75 |
| stock 20 3-16 | | 20½ |
| Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct | 94 | 95 |
| stock | 54 | — |
| Phil. Wil & Balt stock | — | 43½ |
| 6 pr ct loan, '60 | 97½ | 98 |
| Ches Val R R, '75 | 30½ | — |
| Texas R R '75 | — | 66 |
| Will'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort | 67 | 70 |
| 2nd " | 45½ | — |
| stock | 1 | 2½ |
| Catawissa | 4 | 5 |
| Beaver Meadow stock | 63½ | 64½ |
| preferred 10 pr ct | 56 | — |
| North Penn'a R R stock | 8½ | 9 |
| 6 pr ct loan | 70½ | 71 |
| Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off | 48 | — |
| 6 pr ct loan | 97 | 102 |
| Minehill R R | 62 | — |
| Har & Lan R R stock | 57½ | 58 |
| bonds '83 | 90 | — |
| L. Schuylkill R R stock | 13 | 14 |
| Long Island R R stock | 124 | 124 |
| bonds | 83 | 85 |
| Erie R R stock | — | — |
| Hudson River R R | — | — |
| N Y Central | 86½ | — |
| Michigan Central | 47½ | 48½ |
| Illinois " | 97½ | — |
| Michigan Southern | 61 | — |

| CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS. | | |
|---|---|---|
| Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '62 | 74½ | 75 |
| imp. 6 pr ct | 90 | — |
| stock | — | 24 |
| preferred | 22 | 23½ |
| Lehigh Nav stock | 54 | 54½ |
| mort 6 pr ct | 100½ | — |
| scrip | 96½ | 97 |
| Morris Canal'd | 54 | — |
| preferred | 113 | 114 |
| Ches & Del | 60 | — |
| bonds | 79 | — |
| Union | 1 | 2 |
| bonds | — | 70 |
| Sus & Tidewater | 2 | 4 |
| bonds, 1876 | 84½ | — |

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☞ Payment is required in advance.

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## BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

*Philadelphia, June 30, 1860.*

| PENNSYLVANIA. | |
|---|---|
| Solv bks par to ¼ dis | |
| NEW JERSEY. | |
| Solv bks par to ¼ dis | |
| DELAWARE | |
| Solv bks par to ¼ dis | |
| MARYLAND. | |
| Baltimore par to ¼ dis | |
| Solv bks ¼ dis | |
| NEW YORK. | |
| Sol bks par to ¼ dis | |
| MAINE. | |
| Solv bks ¼ dis | |
| NEW HAMPSHIRE. | |
| Solv bks ¼ dis | |
| VERMONT. | |
| Solv bks ¼ dis | |
| CONNECTICUT. | |
| Solv bks ¼ dis | |
| MASSACHUSETTS. | |
| Solv bks ¼ dis | |
| RHODE ISLAND. |

# Wit and Humor.

## ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

BY MR. JOHN CARBOY.

### GENERAL WASHINGTON.

The general's habits were plain and unostentatious especially his yellow shorts, which are now hanging up in the Patent Office, as mementoes of the purity and greatness of his character. In diet, he was careful, and abstemious, never eating more than he wanted, or what he couldn't get.

During his military career, and while in camp, so prodigious was his memory that he not only knew the name of every man in the army, but his history and that of his family to the third and fourth generation. He always recollected the exact time of day by his watch, whenever he looked at it. So regular was the father of his country in all the transactions of his daily life, that he could tell the precise moment when he felt qualmish at the stomach, or had a headache. He never walked; when he was not (according to Everett, who was well acquainted with him,) "mounted upon his noble charger," he invariably "strode with dignity." His presence was very commanding when at the head of the army, as those who obeyed his orders have attested. On his farm, his great delight was in digging potatoes, fishing in the Potomac with bread bait, and turning flap jacks over a worm fence, which latter healthful and pleasant recreations gave him that wonderful insight into the character of his political opponents he possessed. His humane disposition, and his constant endeavors to avoid giving pain to the smallest of earth's creatures, is exemplified in the fact that he often strode with calm dignity three miles out of his path, in order to evade accidentally treading upon the innocent tumble bugs as they disported across it. When he caught a fish, it was his invariable practice to extricate the hook from its gills as gently as possible, apply a bit of court plaster to the wound, and return the scaly sufferer to its native element. He did this so frequently, that soon the fish began to know him, and so much trust and confidence did they have in his kindliness, sense of justice, and humanity, that they "bit" eagerly. Sometimes the fish after being returned to the water, have crept up the bank upon their fins, and sought to nestle in his bosom. Once he caught an eel, which astonished at the tender treatment it received, refused to leave him, followed him to the house, and out of sheer gratitude to the noble preserver of its life heroically threw itself into a frying pan, and, with the assistance of a tender hearted cook, was fried for breakfast. He often related the story of this act of devotion on the part of a poor unlettered eel, with that modest naive simplicity with which he won the hearts of his countrymen. In business matters he was strict. If a butcher overcharged him, Washington invariably made him correct the bill before paying it, and never failed in taking a receipt.

### BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

This electrical philosopher never appeared in public without a loaf of bread under his arm, and a roll of butter in his breeches pocket. He used to go about casting his bread upon the waters, and was the author of Solomon's Proverbs. He had a jour printer at work for him, who, from his extreme thinness, received the name of "Poor Richard." Richard was condemned by a Quaker court to imprisonment for life in a shad-bellied coat and wooden shoes, but obtained a remission of his doom, by getting up an almanac, in which he noted for Quaker meeting day, "o-n-p-e-o-t m-u-c-h r-a-i-n a-b-o-u-t t-h-i-s t-i-m-e." He was let off with the nominal penalty of the compulsory wearing of a broad-brimmed hat three hours. Franklin invarably carried a bottle of lightning with him, and with which he often went a kiting. He was the inventor of the kite, and of the printing press. He also, in partnership with Messrs. Gall, Spurzheim, Faust and company, invented type and published the first newspaper ever issued in the world. He was the author of the celebrated proverb, "I still live." He was hauled up before the court of France, and accused of being a minister.

"Are you a minister of the gospel?" asked the chief judge, otherwise known as the king.

"No, sir!" said the grand old patriot, indignantly. "I'm a minister of the United States."

Franklin was extremely generous, and has often taken money from one pocket and put it into the other, for fear he might lose it, and thus prevent him being liberal to his own desires. He was for a long time proprietor of the Franklin House in Philadelphia. His favorite beverage was root beer, sweetened with tansy bitters. According to history, written by entirely disinterested persons, Franklin was the inventor of nearly every useful, labor-saving machine in the country, not omitting the celebrated five-dollar Franklin sewing machine. He was for a number of years renowned as the champion rope vaulter; but through motives of delicacy, he was then more generally known in the posters and programmes, as "Hiram Franklin on the slack rope." He afterwards undertook a voyage of discovery to the north pole, under the patronage of the English admiralty. He there made the important discovery that that which other navigators thought was snow, was in reality the cast-off hair of the white bears of that region. He there encountered Captain Cook and Doctor Kane, the former of whom had opened a corner grocery on an iceberg, where he was rapidly accumulating a fortune, by selling Jersey sandwiches (a Jersey sandwich is two drinks of whiskey with a thin slice of tansy between them) to the Esquimaux; Bayard Taylor being his chief salesman, and Humboldt doing the out-door business as general travelling agent.

Franklin never returned, and in honor of his memory, Lady Franklin has erected a magnificent brick tomb and a second-hand railing around it, at Philadelphia.

### DANIEL WEBSTER'S WIT.

One day, during Webster's last days at Washington, he and myself were enjoying a cosy chat in my private parlor, at the old National, when we were suddenly interrupted by the entrance, unannounced, of Dallas. Dallas in those days, albeit he was a little stiffish and aristocratic, in his deportment towards strangers, was, when with his friends, one of the jolliest, devil-may-care of companions. Being in some sort a *confidante* of mine, he rushed up to me, and with a nod and a grin toward Webster, who was staring at him with those great lustrous eyes of his, exclaimed:

"I say, Carboy, here's a pretty kettle of fish!"

"Ah, Dal!" interrupted the Marshfield statesman, rising and giving to his voice that irresistible tone which made his satire so terrible, "ah, Dal! then you'd better cook them."

This pungent hit so disconcerted Dallas that he was unable to eat his dinner. Webster's wit was remarkable for its depth and ponderous subtlety, as the above fully proves. It cut like a two-edged sword, up the middle and down both sides.—*New York Atlas.*

## AN EXAMPLE FOR DUELLISTS.

Alphonse Karr, among the wittiest of Parisian gossips, tells a capital tale of a man who would neither decline a duel nor fight.

Messieurs A. and B., having quarrelled about some one of those mere nothings about which, in Paris as elsewhere, gentlemen so often risk their lives, B. challenged A., but most devoutly trusted that A. would not fight. Nothing of the kind, A. was quite willing, and all the necessary arrangements were made.

"Well, B.," said his second, "we have had some trouble to arrange about distance; but at length it is settled for twenty paces, both fire together, and the meeting is for to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock."

"Ah!"

"Yes, in the wood of Vincennes."

"Humph," said B., "and we are to fight at twenty paces?"

"Yes."

"I should just as soon have it at fifteen, or even ten."

"Well, I wanted to put you up at fifteen, but A.'s second would not agree to it, so I yielded the point."

"Ah! you yielded that point. I am fully determined, however, that they shall not have another point yielded."

"Well, no, that can hardly be even asked for, seeing that every thing is arranged, and it only remains now to wait for the morning."

"Oh, but there may be a point in dispute yet, and I will certainly maintain my rights."

"No one attacks them."

"I am the offended party."

"Undoubtedly."

"And therefore have the choice of weapons? Well! I choose small swords."

"Small swords! Why, did you not just now consent to fight at twenty paces?"

"Yes, I am not the man to retire from an agreement which a friend has made in my name. I repeat that fifteen or even ten paces would have suited me just as well. But you have said twenty, and let it be twenty."

"Very good. And now about the pistols; have you any?"

"Pistols! What for? I am not going to fight with pistols."

"Some misunderstanding between us, I fear. Did you not just now tell me that you would fight at twenty paces?"

"Yes—I accept the twenty paces, but not the pistols. I am not that gentleman's slave. He insisted upon twenty paces, and you yielded the point. Very well, I yield that point, too, but I will not yield another. Twenty paces, because you have promised; but the sword is my weapon, and only the sword. I will face him, sword in hand, at twenty paces, just as soon as he likes."

As B. persisted in "maintaining his rights," the duel, of course, never took place.

A CITY LARK.—Two young ladies of this city were lately spending the summer in northeastern New York. During their visit they took several long rides with the daughter of their host about the country. On one of those occasions—as they had been travelling some distance, and the day was warm, and as a trough of running water stood invitingly by the road-side—they concluded to give their pony a drink. One of the city ladies agreed to get out and arrange matters for this purpose. The others remaining in the carriage and deeply engaged in conversation, for some time paid no attention to the proceedings of their companion. When, at last, surprised by the long delay, they turned to ascertain its cause, they discovered her endeavoring to unbuckle the crupper, (the name of the strap which passes around the horse's tail.) In amazement, they inquired, "What in the world are you doing that for?" She naively replied, "Why, I'm unbuckling this strap, to let the horse's head down, so he can drink!"

EXERCISE.—*Lady*: "You seem to be a constant visitor at the sea-side, Mr. Lung."

*Gentleman*: "Why, ya-as. You see, my doctor recommended exercise, and I find that holding my hat on when the wind blows is a very capital invigorator, if it wasn't so very fatiguing."

SAVE UP SOMETHING.—It unfortunately happens that as no man believes he is likely to die soon, so every one is much disposed to defer the consideration of what ought to be done, on the supposition of such an emergency; and while nothing is so uncertain as human life, so nothing is so certain as our assurance that we shall survive most of our neighbors. But it may, indeed, occur to any that the chances are very nearly balanced as to his dying at forty, and his reaching the uncertain age of forty-five! and that even five years may make a considerable difference in the amount of savings he may bequeath to his family. The determination to lay by often creates the power to lay by, and the first effort is the most difficult. Let it always be remembered that in putting by something for a rainy day, a man purchases a certain amount of mental tranquillity, and thus he may actually extend his life by providing against the results of his death.

☞ SCENE AT A CHOP HOUSE.—Waiter (bawling to the cook): "One roast lamb and one potato." Old Gentleman: "No, no! Not so much lamb and more potatoes!"

## A NEAT IDEA.

FLORENCE.—"Well, I'm sure I you might have found some better place for those nasty cigars than sticking them all round your hat."

REGINALD.—"Aw, aw, really! I flatter myself it's rather a neat ideaw."

A BAD HABIT.—The practice of wearing tight finger rings is excessively dangerous. But a short time since we read an account of a man having died of lock-jaw, produced by wearing a tight finger ring. An exchange notices a woman in Newark who wore a large flint ring so tight that it became impossible to remove it. An examination showed the finger to be quite dead below the ring, and that decomposition had commenced. The ring was about a quarter of an inch wide by an eighth in thickness. She went to a physician to have it removed, but without avail, and the physician was compelled to resort to amputation as the only means of preventing a fatal result. The finger was accordingly taken off at the base. It is believed that the woman wore the ring through superstitious motives, as she manifested more uneasiness at parting with the ring than with the finger.

A STARTLING SUGGESTION.—L—— M——, a great female celebrity, found me very unwell one day, after suggesting various remedies, suddenly brightened in expression, as if a novel and original thought had struck her, and said:

"Did you ever try a bath? I think one would do you good."

"But I bathe daily, and use a plenty of Hull's Old Palm Soap."

"Do you, really? No wonder, then, there is so little of you left. Water, in time, will wear away a stone—how can you expect to stand it?"—*Lady in New York Atlas.*

A PRETTY FANCY.—When day begins to go up to heaven at night, it does not spread a pair of wings and fly aloft like a bird, but it just climbs softly up on a ladder. It sets its red sandal on the shrub you have watered these three days, lest it should perish with thirst; then it steps on the tree we sit under, and thence to the ridge of the roof; from the ridge to the chimney; and from the chimney to the tall elm; and from the elm to the tall church spire; and then to the threshold of heaven; and thus you can see it go as though it walked up red roses.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

HAVE BIRDS TEETH?—It has long been thought not. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, the illustrious philosophic anatomist, in 1806 first found, in the fœtus of a bird, a series of teeth, which disappear in the adult; and accordingly he admitted a temporary dental system. These first indications of St. Hilaire have been followed up by M. Blanchard, of the Museum of Natural History, Paris; and from his studies on a certain species of parrot, he feels justified in asserting the existence, in certain buds, of a dental system of an unequal number of teeth.

LEAP YEAR.—Are the girls aware that this is leap year—a grand chance for those who feel that they are verging towards uncertainties to make a desperate plunge? We know one or two gentlemen who ought to be married, and probably the right kind of tactics would induce them to come to the same conclusion. A little care and caution, so as not to scare the poor victims, and the game may be your own, girls.

# Agricultural.

## GREAT STORIES ABOUT FARMING.

No farmer in England has been held higher as a pattern than the famous Mr. Mechi. His outlays and his income have both been rated so high that we, at this distance, have hardly dared to copy and make an exhibit to the public. His draining and trenching, and deep ploughing, have been puffed till readers of practical knowledge have almost feared to copy the inflated statements.

His fattening with straw, turnips, and oil cake have been so much extolled that some farmers here have been inclined to underrate corn, oats, and rye. "Buy oil cake and copy Mr. Mechi!" say they.

But now the tune seems to be changed in the neighborhood of Farmer Mechi. His net profits are now closely scrutinized by other farmers. Among other statements of profits the one relating to fattening on oil cake is there criticised severely. The assertion was that Mr. M. had cleared £7,000—or $35,000, on the fattening of his cattle. The story was rather too large for credit in his own neighborhood—and now, it seems that a *mistake* has been made, and it is acknowledged by the Mechi farmers that the first accounts which reached this country are fabulous.

The readers of the Ploughman are aware that we have not been led away by the great stories told by this concern. The underdraining—the fattening with oil cake—and the net profits on English farms must be read with some allowance.

Farmers in this country must exercise good judgment and be cautious about imitating the high farming of Britain.

When any farmers here urge the economy of underdraining and of very deep ploughing, we can afford to wait a little and see the result on their own farms.

The advocates of underdraining, with pipes, &c., &c., admit that the cost per acre is not less than $60. But in Massachusetts we can buy new land for less than half the money. Land which needs no other draining than dead furrows made by a good plough.

Open drains are often necessary, and they are made at very small cost. But underdrainings are commended on one year's trial. We are told that open drains choke, and must be cleared out. Very true; but how will you clear out under drains when they choke! All that we have seen are more liable to be choked than open drains—and when choked who is to clear them out?

The agricultural papers here which have been in the practice of recommending Mr. Mechi's plans on account of the great net profits derived, ought now to tell the whole story—including the mistakes in figures on counting up the net profits. A few hundred pounds sterling make some difference.

Mr. Mechi is not the only man who has cut a wide swath in farming. Let all readers be cautious and not launch out too far. New schemes and new implements are quite plenty. Look out.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

### ORIGIN OF PLANTS.

Madder came from the East.
Celery originated in Germany.
The chestnut came from Italy.
The onion originated in Egypt.
Tobacco is a native of Virginia.
The nettle is a native of Europe.
The citron is a native of Greece.
The pine is a native of America.
The poppy originated in the East.
Oats originated in North America.
Rye came originally from Siberia.
Parsley was first known in Sardinia.
The pear and apple are from Europe.
Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia.
The sunflower was brought from Peru.
The mulberry tree originated in Persia.
The gourd is probably an eastern plant.
The walnut and peach came from Persia.
The horse-chestnut is a native of Thibet.
The cucumber came from the East Indies.
The quince came from the island of Crete.
The radish is a native of China and Japan.
Peas are supposed to be of Egyptian origin.
The garden beans came from the East Indies.
The guarded cress from Egypt and the East.
Horseradish came from the south of Europe.
The Zealand flax shows its origin by its name.
The coriander grows wild near the Mediterranean.
The dyer's weed is peculiar to Southern Germany.
The Jerusalem artichoke is a Brazilian product.
Hemp is a native of Persia and the East Indies.
The cranberry is a native of Europe and America.
The parsnip is supposed to be a native of Arabia.
The potato is a well-known native of Peru and Mexico.
The currant and gooseberry came from Southern Europe.
Rape seed and cabbage grow wild in Sicily and Naples.
Buckwheat came originally from Siberia and Tartary.
Barley was found in the mountains of Himalaya.
Millet was first known in India and Abyssinia.

Writers of undeniable respectability state that the cereals and others of these edible productions grow spontaneously in that portion of Tartary east of the Belar Tagh and north of the Himalaya mountains.

BUILDING HIGH STABLES.—That is, high between floor. Most stables are built low "because they are warmer." But such people forget that warmth is obtained at the sacrifice of the health of the animal and pure air. Shut a man up in a tight, small box; the air may be warm, but it will soon lay him out dead and cold if he continues to breathe it. If stables are tight, they should have high ceilings; if they are not tight, but open to the admission of air from all directions, they are equally faulty. A stable should be carefully ventilated, and one of the cheapest modes is to build a high one.

## THE DIETETIC INVENTIVENESS OF HUNGER.

Captain Marcy, in his interesting work, "The Prairie Traveller, supplies several facts not without importance in a physiological and medical aspect. Indeed, under the hardships and privations which fall to the lot of travellers beyond the tracks of civilized life, man and the inferior animals are frequently made the subjects of experiments which cannot be instituted in our schools and hospitals. Captain Marcy thus describes what befell his party when passing over the Rocky Mountains during the winter of 1857-8:—"Our supplies of provisions were entirely consumed eighteen days before reaching the settlements in New Mexico, and we were obliged to resort to a variety of expedients to supply the deficiency. Our poor mules were fast falling and dropping down from exhaustion in the deep snows, and our only dependence for the means of sustaining life was upon these starved animals as they became unserviceable. We had no salt, sugar, coffee, or tobacco, which, at a time when men are performing the severest labor that the human system is capable of enduring, was a great privation. In this destitute condition we found a substitute for tobacco in the bark of the red willow, which grows upon many of the mountain streams in that vicinity. The outer bark is first removed with a knife, after which the inner bark is scraped up into ridges around the sticks, and held in the fire until it is thoroughly roasted, when it is taken off the stick, pulverized in the hand, and is ready for smoking. It has the narcotic properties of tobacco, and is quite agreeable to the taste and smell. The sumach leaf is also used by the Indians in the same way, and has a similar taste of the willow bark. A decoction of the dried wild or horse mint, which we found abundant under the snow, was quite palatable, and answered instead of coffee. It dries up in that climate, but does not lose its flavor. We suffered greatly from the want of salt; but by burning the outside of our mule-steaks, and sprinkling a little gunpowder upon them, it did not require a very extensive stretch of the imagination to fancy the presence of both salt and pepper. (There can be no doubt that the nitre and charcoal would to a great extent supply the want of salt. Soldiers and huntsmen have long resorted to this use of gunpowder under emergencies.) We tried the flesh of horse, colt, and mule, all of which were in a starved condition, and of course not very tender, juicy, or nutritious. We consumed the enormous amount of from five to six pounds of this meat per man daily; but continued to grow weak and thin, until, at the end of twelve days, we were able to perform but little labor, and were continually craving for fat meat."

☞ ENGLISH WOMEN IN AMERICA.—Mr. N. P. Willis says, "America is the world's paradise of women! The lady who returns to England after a residence in our country, acknowledges (invariably, we believe,) that *she passed for much more in our currency.* We have heard many admirable women confess this."

# Useful Receipts.

WEDDING CAKE.—Three pounds of flour; 3 of sugar; 3 of butter; 3 of currants; 4 of stoned raisins; 1 of citron; 3 glasses of brandy; 3 of wine; 6 nutmegs, 36 eggs; 2 oz. of cinnamon; ½ oz. of cloves. Bake six or seven hours in one pan; if two is used, less time will be required. The oven should be hot enough for brown bread, and cooled down till the naked hand can be held in long enough to count twenty.

PRESERVING FRUIT.—Herewith I give you my experience in sealing up fruit, not only strawberries, but peaches, cherries, raspberries, pine-apples, &c. For four seasons I have sealed up fruit with perfect success, without losing a single jar; and the flavor of each has been preserved as perfectly as possible, after going through the process of heating.

I use self-sealing *glass jars*, and my method is this:—I put fruit into my porcelain preserving kettle, enough to fill two quart jars; sprinkle over it about one-quarter of a pound of sugar; place it over a *slow* fire, and let it very gradually heat through. (The secret is in having the fruit thoroughly heated through, *not cooked.*) While the fruit is heating, I keep the jars filled with hot water till the fruit is ready, which, of course, prevents them from cracking. Fill up to the brim with hot fruit, and seal tight. As it cools, a sufficient vacuum is formed in the jar, to prevent bursting. In this way fruit of every kind will retain its flavor. My strawberries taste precisely like those picked from the vines, sprinkled with sugar, and set away long enough to let the sugar melt. There is no mistake in preserving fresh fruit in this way. Sometimes a thick, leathery mould forms on the top—if so, all the better.—*Rural New Yorker.*

RINGWORM.—In the domestic treatment of ringworm, the first consideration is cleanliness; soap, water, the small-tooth comb and the brush, are important auxiliaries to cure. In the early stages of the disease, washing once a week will be sufficient; in the latter stages, ablution should have for its object the removal of the crusts which form over the diseased surface. After washing and drying the head, some simple pomatum should be used, such as the following:—Oil of sweet almonds, two ounces; pure, yellow beeswax, three drachms; melt together in a water-bath, and while cooling, stir, and add any agreeable scent.

WASHING SOAP.—Dissolve one pound of soda and half a pound of hot lime in one gallon of boiling water; next dissolve one pound of sliced hard soap in two quarts of boiling water; when cool, mix them together. This forms a compound for washing linen, &c., superior to any of the washing fluids and patent soaps in use. When "washing day" comes round, make strong suds of this soap, and boil the clothes, previously soaked, for half an hour. Take them out, drain them well, pour boiling water on them, when they will be found to be clean; nothing more being required than to rinse them well, to free them from the remains of the suds.

# The Riddler.

### MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 56 letters.

My 8, 8, 51, 2, 28, 31, is the native place of Demosthenes.
My 10, 18, 17, 7, 20, is where St. Paul was shipwrecked.
My 5, 15, 29, 36, 18, 36, 39, was the founder of Rome.
My 54, 26, 10, 4, is the mother of nations.
My 37, 9, 27, 33, 55, 17, 22, 50, 48, 46, is a large Southern city.
My 11, 16, 34, 19, 46, is a city in Europe.
My 30, 57, 3, 47, 51, 49, was a great writer who recently died.
My 45, 43, 41, 49, 38, 1, is the most abundant substance known.
My 24, 42, 12, 21, 52, 61, 13, 58, 23, 31, is a tribe of people who inhabit Southern Africa.
My 35, 44, 42, 58, 10, 56, 29, 53, 63, 55, 34, is an instrument by which the variations of the temperature of the atmosphere is measured.
My 40, 20, 59, is a bird.
My 32, 41, 59, 42, is an instrument of music.
My 15, 18, 6, 25, is a child's delight.
My 44, 14, is a river in Europe.
My whole is the language of George Washington, and should be closely heeded.

JOHN T. ERWIN.
Princeton, Gibson Co., Ind.

### MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 1, 8, 10, is a kind of mat.
My 4, 5, 8, 9, 4, 5, is a public edifice.
My 2, 16, 16, 11, 13, is a female name.
My 16, 12, 13, 19, 16, 21, is a city in Europe.
My 6, 11, 3, 2, 13, is a number.
My 3, 2, 18, 8, 6, was the goddess of beauty.
My 15, 17, 10, is often seen on the water.
My 8, 9, 21, is a kind of vessel.
My 7, 2, 18, is a useful article.
My 19, 12, 10, is a domestic animal.
My 10, 2, 1, 20, 10, 11, is the name of a male.
My whole is the name and residence of a celebrated preacher.

KATE B——.

### RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, my what I am. I'm the fairest gem
That the riches of worlds can produce,
And priceless the value I will be, when
The proud monarch's costliest diadem
Is counted but dross and refuse.

Yes, my what I am. I'm the brightest prize
To which mortals or gods can aspire,
Go search in the depths where I glittering lie,
Or ascend in pursuit to the loftiest sky,
I'm an aim for the noblest desire.

The sceptre may fall from the despot's grasp,
When with laws of stern Justice he copes,
But I shall forever endure to the last,
My firm rooted bulwarks will outstand the blast,
And the wreck of the fell tyrant's hopes.

Then say what I am you that read o'er the Post,
For the limits of time I step o'er;
The heavens may depart, earth's foundations may burst:
But I'm the sum of existence, and fear not the worst,
Eternal, unchanged, evermore!

Naples, Scott Co., Ills. J. SIMMONS.

### CHARADE.

My first and last in dungeons deep
And desolate their places keep:
And, though exempt from chain and bar,
In the extremes of durance are.
In the middle of the air and skies,
Centred in bliss my second lies,
Yet, never freed from whip and sting
Exists in pain and suffering.
All these my three, first, second, third.
One short but monitory word,
Men do in every place and way,
At every age, and every day.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When travelling my first, you may pick up my second;
By my whole, the extent of your journey is reckon'd.

### MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a wooden sphere whose diameter is 20 inches. If an iron cylinder, of the same diameter, be heated, and placed on this sphere until it burns the same away to the axis, how many cubic inches of the sphere will be consumed?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

### PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two men dig a ditch—they dig 100 rods; one man digs for 75 cents a rod, the other $1,25 a rod; they both receive $100 for the job. How many rods must each man dig, to receive $50.

Jarvis, Ind. W. W. STRAIGHT.

☞ An answer is requested.

### CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is B like a hot fire? Ans.—Because it makes oil boil.

☞ Why is C like a school-mistress? Ans.—Because it forms lasses into classes.

☞ Why is D like a squalling child? Ans.—Because it makes ma mad.

☞ Why is L like giving away a sweetheart? Ans.—Because it makes over a lover.

☞ Why is Q rather impertinent? Ans.—Because it is always inquisitive.

☞ Why is S like a smart repartee? Ans.—Because it begins and ends in sauciness.

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—The Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Washington Irving, Sunny Side. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Switzerland. ENIGMA—The Rosetta Stone. CHARADE—Sunday Morning. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM—18 inches. Problem—1½ and 1½, 1 5-6 and 1 1-6, 2 and 1, 2 1-6 and 5-6, 2½ and ½, 2½ and ½, 2½ and ½, 2 5-6 and 1-6